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FOR FAMILY USE.

NO SKILL OR PRAGTICE NEEDED.

No Clamps Required.

Directions Plain and Simple.



One of the most Powerful Cements in the World.

Although but recently introduced, read what people say of it:—

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1880.
Being a *grandfather*, with four active grandchildren who are continually breaking their toys and other things, I have found the **Hercules Glue** to be one of the very best preparations for mending broken things I have ever tried, because it is always ready and does not dry up and waste.
WILLIAM H. GARRIGUES.
Firm of Garrigues Brothers, Booksellers, 608 Arch Street.

—:o:—

HE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.
518 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, *November* 30, 1880.
We have sold the **Hercules Glue** for some time past, and it has given great satisfaction in every instance we have heard from. Have also used it ourselves, and consider it the very best article for the purpose in the market.
J. T. STONE, *Manager*.

—:o:—

KEYSTONE SCHOOL AND CHURCH FURNITURE COMPANY.
PHILADELPHIA, *Nov.* 30, 1880.
We have tested the **Hercules Glue,** and, for the purpose intended, fully believe it has no equal. Many slight accidents are constantly occurring to furniture, which can be readily repaired by it without *clamping* or the necessity of a workman. For a real handy article it excels.
A. F. OLD.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 8, 1880.
My Dear Sirs.—It affords me much pleasure to testify to the merits of **Hercules Glue.** I have found it particularly useful for attaching *rubber to wood*, for the purpose of printing on blocks; and for this reason consider it especially valuable to the Manufacturers of Rubber Stamps.
Hoping that you will be successful in your endeavors to make its reputation world wide,
I Remain, yours truly,
JAMES P. BRYAN, 1328 Chestnut Street.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 9, 1889.
We cheerfully attest to the merit of **Hercules Glue.** Its exactly what we need,—always ready and effective, does its work well, and does not mould. We have given nearly all the kindred preparations in the market a trial, and unhesitatingly award the palm of superiority to **Hercules.** It alone does all that is claimed for it. W. do not see how any one, needing a reliable glue, can well do without it.
SCHREIBER & SON, 831 Arch Street

—:o:—

November 29, 1880
Hercules is no misnomer. A giant in strength—a paragon in usefulness.
A. C. GAW.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 10, 1880.
Gentlemen.—I have used the **Hercules Glue** in my family for some time, and find it very useful for all purposes for which you recommend it.
Yours Truly,
E. G. PASSMORE, 631 Market Street.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Jan'ry* 21, 1881.
Your **Hercules Glue** needs no endorsement. Only give it a trial, and it will endorse itself.
THOMAS W. STUCKY,
57 North Seventh Street.

—:o:—

NEW YORK, *January* 25, 1881.
Dear Sirs.—After trying my strength on your neat specimen of the sticking qualities of your **Hercules,** I concluded to order a small quantity for home use, where on trial with miscellaneous household goods it did its work most effectually.
Truly Yours,
DANIEL SLOTE, 119 & 121 William Street

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *March 7th*, 1881.
I am using the **Hercules Glue** for fastening. Glass in Bronzed and Nickelplated Card-frames, and find it far superior to all others.
THEODORE RUE, 618 Chestnut Street.

—:o:—

Among the many advantages it has over all othes preparations, the most important is, that
IT WILL KEEP FOR YEARS
without losing its good qualities, and is always ready for use, making it a valuable article to have in the house. It can be used for cementing Wood, Crockery Ware, China, Glass, Leather, &c. Retail price, 25 cents per Jar.

For sale by all Book-sellers and Stationers.

BAKER, PRATT & CO.,
Wholesale Agents
NO. 19 BOND STREET,
(near Broadway,)
New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S
SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

An advertiser who spends upwards of $5,000 a year, and who invested less than $350 of it in this List, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me better last year THAN ALL THE OTHER ADVERTISING I DID."

IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST.
IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST.
IT IS AN HONEST LIST.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from **$2** to **$80.** The price for one inch one month in the entire list is **$625.** The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are **$2,980.14.** The list includes **952** newspapers of which **187** are issued **DAILY** and **765 WEEKLY.** They are located in **788** different cities and towns, of which **26** are State Capitals, **363** places of over **5,000** population, and **468** County Seats. For copy of List and other information address
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
10 Spruce St., New York.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1881. NUMBER 32.

POETRY.

My Neighbor's Baby.

Across in my neighbor's window,
With its drapings of satin and lace,
I see, 'neath his flowing ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
His feet, in crimson slippers,
Are tapping the polished glass,
And the crowd in the street look upward,
And nod and smile as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window,
Catching flies in the sun,
With a patched and faded apron,
Stands my own little one.
His face is as pure and handsome
As the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking
At my toiling, every day.

Sometimes when the day is ended,
And I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling
Hugged close to my lonely breast,
I prayed that my neighbor's baby
May not catch Heaven's roses all,
But that some may crown the forehead
Of my loved one as they fall.

And when I draw the stockings
From his little weary feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples
In his limbs, so round and sweet—
I think of the dainty garments
Some little children wear,
And that my God withholds them
From mine, so pure and fair.

May God forgive my envy—
I know not what I said;
My heart is crushed and troubled—
My neighbor's boy is dead!
I saw the little coffin
As they carried it out to-day;
A mother's heart is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window;
The flowers bloom at my door;
My boy is chasing the sunbeams
That dance on the cottage floor.
The roses of health are blooming
On my darling's cheek to-day,
But the baby is gone from the window
Of the mansion over the way.

STORY TELLER.

THE BARONESS' JEWEL-BOX.

The baroness Rukavina Eltz was the most splendid and dashing personage in Er valley. Her castle near Somlyo was the finest specimen of a great residence in all that shadow of the Ermellek, and she, a Roumanian by birth and a Hungarian by marriage, seemed to unite all the brilliant characteristics of both these picturesque races.

She was a widow to begin with, and since the animal, man, has speculated upon the varieties of the angel, woman, a widow has been pronounced the most amiable variety of the species. She was very beautiful tall, *svelte*, blue-eyed black-haired, piquant, red and white, with the most scornful little mouth, and the most delicate profile; her hand and foot were models, although the latter was frequently stamped when she was not pleased. She was—in the third and last place, as the preachers say—very rich, and had fallen heiress to two collections of jewels which were almost fabulously valuable. A brilliant creature, the baroness. She owned villages and vineyards and made a large income every year from her sale of Ruster, a grand wine, of a pale golden hue, which had as full and peculiar a flavor as she had herself. The baroness sent her wine to Vienna, where it was considered almost equal to Tokay. Of course, she had suitors, the beautiful, sharp baroness. They came from Transylvania and Russia, from Roumania and all Hungary, from Austria and the German principalities, and as for the unlucky wretches about Puspoki, and the Behar settlement, and the country gentlemen of Erdiozegh, they knelt and worshiped in vain as she dashed past them on her fleet thoroughbred, for she was Diana, as a huntress, and the queen of the amazons, also her backhorse Tetenyer was said to emit fire from his nostrils when he stopped to breathe.

This grand lady was afraid of nobody, loved nobody, had no friends, save the nuns at the foot of the Rez Gebirge and one old priest who seemed to be deeply in her confidence. Every year she made a grand visit somewhere—Vienna, Paris, Rome, London, or St. Petersburg. She spent money like water, made everybody talk, wonder and admire, and her splendid jewels were the envy of all the court ladies.

Yes, she was afraid of one man, and that was her stewart, Neusiedler, he who for years had managed her vast estates, her vineyard and her wheatfields, her fields and fisheries.

Neusiedler was a crouching, cross-eyed, mean-looking German Jew, married to a bold, black-eyed, large-nosed woman, who was twice his size, and who lived in the village, near the castle, and who spent her time envying and hating the baroness. Madame Pasteur, the French maid, who never left the baroness, thought that Neusiedler and his wife had the evil eye, and that they would wilt the baroness. But Rukavina Eltz laughed at this fear, and kept on her course exultant; still when the yearly payday came round, and she had to look over her accounts with Neusiedler, she did show what she never had shown before—fear.

Among her jewels was a splendid rope of pearl-colored pearls, the rarest thing in the whole world, neither black nor white, but pearl-color, with three great emerald pendants, each as large as a a small pear. The emperor always noticed this jewel with a smile and a compliment when the baroness Rukavina Eltz went to a court ball at Vienna. He told her that the empress had nothing half as handsome, and it is feared that the emperor spoke also of the firm, white neck, on which the necklace rested, for Rukavina Eltz was apt to blush and look magnificently well at such moments. Then she had great chains of sapphires, as blue as her eyes, and some big rubies which the baron had given her (the old baron, twice her age, who went down into Roumania for her when she was fifteen); and she had diamonds, of course—every rich lady has diamonds—and a grand box full of engraved amethysts and antique gems. Some that Cardinal Antonelli gave her in Rome, for he, too, had admired the wild baroness.

Indeed, if the baroness Rukavina Eltz has ever written her memoirs, what a story she could have told! But the end of every woman's history is that she finally falls in love: and such was the beginning of the end of the story of Rukavina Eltz. She went to England one summer, and there was a young lord Roland Somerset, or a lord George Leveson Montague, or a young George Howard Plantagenet (they mix them up so, these English words, they are not half so individual as our Hungarian names), who could ride better than she could. This was a dreadful blow to the baroness, and she wished herself dead.

But when at dinner the soft-voiced, handsome, tall young Englishman, Sir Lyster Howard Lyster, (that was his name after all) sat next to her and talked so well and so complimentary to her as to her seat, across the country, and noticed the pearl colored pearls, and the emeralds, with his lips, and the neck underneath with his eyes, Rukavina Eltz forgave him and began to talk of her home near Somlyo, and it ended in a large English party coming to the Er valley, under the shadow of the Er Mellek, for a long summer visit. And how they raved about everything, the wine, the horses, the scenery, the wild, barbaric splendor of the baroness's housekeeping, and how they all hated Neusiedler, and his big, black-browed wife, who were invited up to the balls.

There was an English lady, one with very long teeth, and a very long nose, and very high eye-brows, and they called her lady Louisa. She was very grand and lofty, and Madame Pasteur heard her say one day:

"Do you know, dear baroness, I think you are careless—don't you know? about these beautiful jewels of yours—do you know?"

"But who could steal them? said the baroness, laughing. "There are none like them in all Hungary, and no one would dare to wear them, they are so rare!"

"Ah! but some of these wild people of yours! They might swallow your emerals, these fierce Croats, the Roumanians, and then you keep them in such open closets and boxes." Madame Pasteur nodded her meek head, too. She had trembled for the jewels always.

But the baroness and Sir Lyster began to think of other things than jewels; there were moonlight rides and walks, and there were long talks and many reveries: Lady Louisa went home when they all went, but Sir Lyster came back.

And then, one evening, Madame Pasteur said afterward that she saw Neusiedler come in and bully the baroness, and she heard him hiss out the words—

"Remember, if you marry, you lose all. Remember the baron's will!"

And Rukavina Eltz turned pale and said, "Bully, traitor, fiend," between her shut teeth. She went off to Paris for one of her long visits, and Neusiedler squeezed the tenants and made every one miserable. The castle was shut up, and black Tetenyer grew thin in his stable.

When she came back she looked older and more sedate. She went often to see the nuns at the foot of Rez Gebirge. She saw the priest also very often, and Madame Pasteur thought she was growing *Devote*. But she dressed in her usual dashing colors (for she was a very Roumanian at heart) and she wore one of those scarlet quilted petticoats that the English ladies wore so much, and very pretty it looked, with her dark habit and her dark dresses looped up over it. This, with a scarlet feather in her hat, looked as if a baroness was thinking of England.

It was a miserable day that, when Madame Pasteur and Matilde came screaming down the long corridor.

"The jewels are gone! gone! gone!"

The baroness had the great bell of the castle rung, and Neusiedler was sent for at once. She was very pale, for she loved those pearls and emeralds.

Neusiedler was composed; every look was made to say, "I told you so;" he had always warned her about the jewels.

"What can be done?" asked the baroness.

"Search, whip, imprison all who attempt to leave the province," said Neusiedler, calmly.

Except women—I will have no women whipped,' said the baroness.

"I am glad to hear that," said Neusiedler, laughing his malicious laugh, "for Madame Neusiedler goes to Vienna to-morrow."

"Ah!" said the baroness, "you know I could not mean, at any rate, that Madame Neusiedler should be disturbed; send her in my little carriage with the three ponies to Erdiozegh."

"Your excellency is very condescending," said Neuaiedler, bowing to the ground.

The local police sought everywhere for the jewels, but no trace of them could be found. The baroness sat in a sort of stupor, and gazed out of the window.

"I will go to England!" said she, hastily, one day. "Neusiedler, some money, and arrange for me to be gone three months."

"It is well, madame," said the steward.

It was a very roundabout route that the baroness took for England! When Matilde and madame Pasteur reached the station at Erdiozegh, they were astonished to see the baroness rush into the ticket office and buy tickets for Vienna, and when they arrived all of them at her fine hotel at Vienna, who would step out to meet them but Sir Lyster Howard Lyster! Nothing but the well known eccentricity of the baroness apologized to Madame Pasteur for what followed. She commanded two dresses to be made, and that Madame Pasteur should go with her to a Jewish masked ball at the opera house in Vienna.

"Sir Lyster Howard Lyster will go with us!" said she, as a shade passed over the pale face of her companion.

Oh! that the lady of sixteen quarterings should be seen in such a low place! No, she was *not* seen! she was masked; but she could even go! What a sacrifice of pride and of decency, Madame Pasteur thought it, as she saw the Baroness take the arm of one masked man after the other, and then go into the supper room with a party who followed a tall man in a black domino.

A voice struck on Madame Pasteur's ear—was it that of Madame Neusiedler? Was it—could it be?

Yes! and as she threw back mask and hood there sparkled on her neck the pearl-colored pearls and the emerald pendants of the lost jewels. Oh heaven!

"The necklace of the baroness," shouted the impulsive, the imprudent, Madame Pasteur.

It nearly spoiled the plot, for Madame Neusiedler was amongst friends and confederates. However, the tall Englishman stepped forward, and two Viennese policemen arrested the woman.

She behaved with extraordinary coolness, and explained:

"It is indeed the necklace of the baroness, given by her to my husband for moneys which he has advanced to her. Let her deny it if she dare! I have her written acknowledgment of the money, and I have come to Vienna to sell the necklace where it is well known."

The Jews gathered around the wonderful necklace, which the chief of police put in his breast pocket, removing the woman Neusiedler.

The baroness went back to her hotel, and allowed Madame Pasteur to pass a wretch night. She would explain nothing.

All Vienna was alive when the great case came on, and not a few ladies were glad to hear that the Rukavina Eltz jewels were in pawn—that envied necklace!

Neusiedler came to his wife's rescue, and told the story over again. The evidence against the baroness was damning. She had, according to his story, lived far, far beyond her income, and he had supplied her with her money from the Jews. She had fabricated the story of the lost necklace, to try and cheat, but here were her signatures, and here was the baron's will which she was about to try to disregard. His will, saying that she would never marry, or, if she did, that she lost all her vast estates.

"Baroness Rukavina Eltz, what have you to say to this? What is your defense?" said the prosecuting counsel.

"Only this! said the baroness, holding up in her hand the pearl-colored pearls and the emerald drops, *the real necklace!* On the judge's desk lay a fac-simile of the famous necklace; the two ornaments looked exactly alike.

"Let an expert be brought and say which is the real necklace and which the imitation one, in made Paris, and used by me, to lure this wretched and dishonest thief of a steward on to his destruction!" said the baroness, with a flash of Roumanian fire in her eyes.

It was true! Neusiedler had been foiled; he had stolen a false necklace, which the baroness had had made in the Rue de la Paix. "He has been stealing from me for years; he has doubtless forged a false will of the baron, for I have found the true one!" said Rukavina Eltz. "I could not unravel the net that he has thrown over me, but for this happy thought of tempting him to steal some false jewels. Had he got the real ones, his story would have been possible. Now I trust justice is convinced that it is a lie!"

A dreadful noise followed this speech of the spirited baroness; Neusiedler had fallen down in a fit. Never more would he drink the yellow tinted Ruster; never more would he return to the joys of crushing the the peasantry of Somlyo—of cheating the baroness. *The Baroness had cheated him*, at last! Sold! sold! sold! with false pearls and emeralds!

It was a very grand wedding, that of the baroness to Sir Lyster Howard Lyster, who, though only an English country gentleman, proved to be richer than she, and made her a loving and a hunting husband.

The emperor gave her away, and she wore the pearl-colored pearls with the emerald drops, now become historical.

"Ah! madame, dear baronses, please tell me where have you kept the *real* jewels all these months!" said the pious Madame Pasteur, almost kissing the hem of the mistress's robes.

The baroness was dressed for traveling, as her faithful adherent knelt and asked the question. She had on the quilted satin red petticoat, the scarlet of old England.

"Was it in the double-locked closet of the north tower?"

"Ah, no! faithful Pasteur, thou knowest Neusiedler had the key to that!"

"Was it in the jewel case of thy great ancestress, the Roumanian princess?"

"No. Guess again!"

"Was it in the convent of the nuns of Rez Gebirge?"

"No! Pasteur. I never gave them anything to keep but my sins!"

"Was it in the baron's strong box, in the cellar?"

"No, my dear Pasteur, no. You have the hiding place under your finger. They were quilted into the lining of this red satin petticoat. I owe the idea to the good Lady Louisa. See here!" and gently raising the edge of her traveling skirt, right over her left foot, the baroness showed Madame Pasteur a neat little series of pockets, where the jewels had been safely hidden, in a scarlet prison.

Charge of the Light Brigade.

After we had mounted for the famous charge, and just before we commenced our advance, Col. Shewell, commanding the Eighth Hussars, happened to rest his eyes on one of his men with a pipe in his mouth, which so excited his military ire, that he hallooed to him that "he was disgracing the regiment by smoking in the presence of the enemy," a grave view of the question which certainly I (his commanding officer) did not, or at least up to that time had not reciprocated, inasmuch as I at this very moment was enjoying a remarkably good cigar. The question then arose in my mind, "Am I to set this bad example (in the Colonel's opinion at least) or should I throw away a good cigar?"—no such common article in these days, be it remembered. Well, the cigar carried the day, and it lasted me till we got to the guns. With shame do I say it. * * * There was one, I believe, who, when he started on this advance, was insensible as to the desperate undertaking in which he was about to be engaged. * * * So we went on. "Right flank keep up, close in to your center!" The smoke, the noise, the cheers, the groans, the "ping, ping," whizzing past one's head, the "whirr" of the fragments of shells, the well known "slush" of that unwelcome intruder on one's ears—what a sublime confusion it was! One incident struck me forcibly about this time—the bearing of riderless horses in such circumstances. I was, of course, riding by myself, and clear of the line, and for that reason was a marked object for the poor dumb brutes: They consequently made dashes at me, some advancing with me a considerable distance; at one time as many as five on my right and two on my left cringing in on me, and positively squeezing me as the round shot came bounding by them. I remarked their eyes, betokening as keen a sense of the perils around them as we human beings experienced (and that is saying a good deal). The bearing of the horse I was riding, in contrast to these, was remarkable. He had been struck, but showed no signs of fear, thus evincing the confidence of dumb animals in the superior being.—*The Light Cavalry Brigade in the Crimea—Lord George Paget.*

A House-Painter's Nerve.

Bernard Koehler and Fritz Hisgen, two house-painters, began painting a large house yesterday. Three o'clock in the afternoon found them close up under the eaves of the house and sixty-five feet from the ground. They had just finished the surface within reach, and had started to lower the scaffold a few feet. When the required distance had been reached, Hisgen called to his partner to hang on to the rope until he (Hisgen) tied his own, when he would come over and perform a like service for him. Hisgen had just completed his own when Kohler cried out: "Come over quick, I can't hold it." Hisgen, as quickly as possible, started across the aerial bridge, but had not gone two steps when he saw the man let go his hold and felt the ladder give away beneath his feet. As he began the fall, in the energy of desperation he, with both hands, grasped the almost smooth top of the fourth-story window cornice and there hung in the air, a distance of sixty feet from the pavement. He then gave an exhibition of nerve that terrified every one who saw it. Placing the the toe of his foot against the window frame he gave his body a slight pendulum motion away from the house. A second push gave him a better impetus, and as he swung on the return toward the window he released his hold and went crashing through the glass safely to the floor of the fourth story room, from whence he immediately looked out through the aperture he had made to see what had become of his companion. Koehler had not been quite so fortunate. As he went shooting through the air he caught the hanging rope with both hands and lessened his speed all the way down at the expense of all the cuticle of his palms, which was burned off by the friction. He landed in a sitting posture on the sidewalk, and was taken to the hospital.—*Cincinnati Commercial, May* 24.

The Holy Bible.

The Bible is made up of a great many books, and was written at different periods through a long course of ages. The first book, Genesis, was written by Moses, and he was born about 1560 years before Christ; and as he was one hundred and twenty years old when he died, his death was about the year 1440 before Christ. Moses probably wrote the book of Genesis several years before his death.

The book of Revelation was written by John towards the close of the first Century after Christ. Thus at the time he wrote the Revelation, the book of Genesis was nearly 1600 years old. Yet these two books, as well as all the intermediate ones are bound up in one volume.

What a wonderful book is the Bible, to be made up of parts written at such great distances of time. You have, perhaps, seen some old book printed one hundred years ago. What a picture of antiquity is such a book? How much of a curiosity is it considered. It was printed before your grand parents were born. The paper and impression—how different are they from what you see in books printed at the present time. Now what do you suppose would be the difference of a book that had been in existence not merely a hundred years, but a thousand and five hundred years? Try to picture to yourselves its venerable and ancient appearance.

No other book, indeed, was printed so long ago as fifteen hundred years, now could a book be preserved through such a length of time, but I mention it for the illustration, merely to show how ancient was the oldest book of the Bible at the time the last book was written. It was so old that had it not been renewed by being written again, the material the book was made of, would have crumbled and mouldered away with age. But the troubles of this first book have not grown old by time. They are as fresh now as when they were first declared. These troubles are forever new, because they are immortal in their nature.

The writers of the Bible were very unlike each other in their educations and their employments. Moses was educated for a prince, Samuel was a prophet, David a shepherd, Elisha a farmer, Amos a herdsman, Matthew a tax-gatherer, Luke a physician, Paul a lawyer and Peter a fisherman. Yet with all this diversity of employment and education, they agree so perfectly in their writings that their books, when bounded together, may probably be called one book. They are one in their spirit and design. They give us the same instruction respecting the Creator, and the works he had made; respecting his character and the duties he requires.

Now how shall we explain this remarkable agreement. There is nothing else in the world like it. No other writers living at times so remote from each other as the writers of the Bible, and of such different characters and employments, ever wrote books which could be brought together into one book, and harmonize so wonderfully as the books of the Bible.

How shall we explain this remarkable fact? I answer that the agreement of the different books of the Bible with each other arises from two causes. The first is, the writers all wrote on the same great subject; and the second is they were guided and instructed by the Spirit of God himself. They spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; hence they could not err, and because they could not err they could not disagree, for men who speak the truth, always agree with each other. Their great subject was the dealings of God with a fallen and guilty world. Whatever they wrote was connected with one part or other of this one great subject, the redemption of sinners by Jesus Christ. And because they wrote on this one great subject, their writings naturally come together into one book.
E. JEWELL.

"Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission."

CIRCULAR NOTICE TO N.H. DEAF-MUTE S.

The Convention of our "Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission" to be held at Hooksett, N. H., on the 20th of August next, 1881, in honor to the memory of the late Thomas N. Head.

Rev. Job Turner will deliver an eulogy, with Prof. Thomas L. Brown as his alternate. Addresses will be made by prominent deaf-mutes present. Rev. Thomas Gallaudet will attend as interpreter for the benefit of hearing people. The programme is as follows:

Business meeting Saturday afternoon. A lecture will be given by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet the same evening if possible.

Sunday forenoon is set apart as a memorial occasion, and Eulogy by Rev. Mr. Turner on the death of our friend, the late Thomas N. Head. Afternoon religious service and lecture and if convenient, a conference or sociable in the evening. An effort will be made to make this a pleasant occasion. A cordial invitation is extended to mute and hearing teachers, and deaf-mutes of other States, who can make it convenient to attend and contribute to the interest and profit derived from the exercises.

Sunday service begins 10 A.M. and 2 P.M., evening 7, if convenience admits. Good board at a hotel at $1.00 per day.

Arrangements have been made with the following railroads by which those passing over them in going to the Convention and paying full fare, receive free return tickets from the Secretary of said Society by showing a certificate of their attendance at the Convention and all must return the same way they came.

Concord Railroad and branches as follows: Concord & Nashua, Manchester & Lawrence, Concord & Portsmouth, Hooksett & Pittsfield, Manchester & North Weare.

Northern Railroad and branches as follows: Northern R. R., to White River, Vt., Bristol & Hill, Concord & Claremont Junction, Hillsborough & Peterborough.

Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad and White Mountain R. R., and branches.

Cheshire Railroad and Winchendon & Peterborough.

On Manchester & Keene R. R., full fare one way and receive return tickets at the station of the same railroad.

Persons can obtain through tickets in Boston, Lowell, Mass., and Greenfield and Amherst, N. H., on Boston & Nashua R. R., at reduced fares.

From Vermont, at Bellows Falls, over the Cheshire R. R., to Winchendon, to take cars for Peterborough for Hooksett, also at Claremont Junction. At White River, over the Northern R. R.

From Maine, at Newmarket Junction over the Concord & Portsmouth R. R.

Free return tickets will be good till August 25th. Mutes from abroad attending the convention at Hooksett, August 20th, can have a good chance to visit the White Mountains and other place of interesting landscapes from the 22d to the 25th.

Any further particulars can be had by addressing
VARNUM B. WRIGHT, Sec'y.
Nashua, N. H.
THOMAS BROWN,
Chairman "Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission."

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

HICKORY-NUT COOKIES.—Two cups sugar, two eggs half a cupful of melted butter, six tablespoonfuls of milk, or a little more than a third of a cup, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, one cup of chopped meats stirred into the dough.

ROLLS.—Take a piece of bread dough a little larger than a pint cup, and knead into it one or two tablespoons butter, roll out and spread with butter; roll up and cut off pieces the size you wish, roll thin in the hand and place it in the pan, let rise, and bake. The crust will be nicer if they are rubbed with butter before baking.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUG. 11, 1881.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, - - -	$1.50
Clubs of ten, - - - -	1.25
If not paid within six months, - -	2.50

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

WHEN writing the leading editorial for last week's JOURNAL, we did not believe that it would be passed unnoticed by those whom it most referred to. Our views in this respect have been confirmed by a short letter from Mr. Tillinghast, which is published in another column. He repudiates the assertion that he is "boss" of the *Silent World*, and denies all knowledge of the identity of "Quiz."

We did not for a moment suppose that Mr. Tillinghast occupied the official position of "boss" in connection with the paper mentioned. Such an idea never occurred to us. The stand which we took was that Mr. Tillinghast and Miss Fuller being so warmly attached to each other, and exchanging views so frequently through the medium of Uncle Sam's mail, the lady would naturally coincide with the opinions and theories which our New Bedford friend advanced, and would endeavor to please him by giving those theories and opinions her public support—in a word, that Miss Fuller appropriated the ideas that Mr. Tillinghast presented, that what she accomplished was tacitly understood as the result of "our" endeavors and not "her," and as the thinking and planning was mostly done by him, he was in reality, though not nominally, the "boss." No one will dispute the likelihood of such a result from such relations.

Perhaps Mr. Tillinghast did not view the matter in this light. It is quite natural for everyone to have a decided leaning towards what is favorable to themselves in affairs which concern them, and Mr. T. undoubtedly is no exception to the rule. We incline to this theory in regard to the denial made, because we are unwilling to believe Mr. T. capable of prevarication in the matter.

Neither Mr. Tillinghast nor Miss Fuller may be pleased with what we have written concerning them, but they both must know that our remarks were not uncalled for. Miss F. under the veil of secrecy, has said and done what she could to injure the JOURNAL, while at the same time she has professed friendship towards it and pretended a desire for its success. But Miss Fuller is powerless to harm the JOURNAL. The deaf-mutes want a fair paper, and will always support the JOURNAL. We are glad of it; not for the sake of the paper, but for the sake of the deaf-mutes at large. They may be sure that, in spite of all the machinations and cunning wiles of its handfull of enemies, it will continue to live and to improve, and that when the bright-eyed boys and sunny-haired girls of to-day are middle-aged men and matrons, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL will be a household companion in the dwellings of over 5000 deaf-mutes

A MOST terrible calamity has fallen upon the parents of a pupil of the Institution for Deaf-Mutes, at Flint, Mich., which we record in another column. Little Richard Derrick will never more mingle with his former playmates at the Michigan Institution. God has called him to another and a better world. He was burned to death at the house of his parents, on the 25th of July. He was only eleven years old. His classmates and playmates and teacher and friends will mourn his early departure to the unseen world, but will be comforted with the belief that he is one of God's chosen ones, and is now with Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Mr. Wm. H. Weeks, of Hartford, preaches in Norwich, Ct., very often.

Miss Sadie Howard, of New York City, has gone to the Catskills.

C. Aug. Brown is said to have interviewed the deaf-mute murderer in the Baugor, Me., jail.

Miss Lizzie Laird was married, on the 23d of June, to Robert Henderson, of Coal Bluffs, Pa.

The brother of Stephen Sinclair sailed for Scotland in the steamer "Circassia" last Saturday.

Stephen Sinclair was a spectator at the game between the "Mets" and Albany Club, on the Polo grounds, New York City, August 3d.

Mr. Swineford, of Ashland, O., was in Cleveland for the past week visiting his cousins, and also called on several mutes. He left school at Columbus, O., in 1866, and looks well off.

John Maloney, a graduate of the New York Institution, is an inmate of the Insane Asylum on Blackwells Island, under the care of the Board of Charities and Correction of New York City.

The deaf-mute class of the Park Church, Norwich, Ct., propose to have an excursion to Osprey Beach sometime during August. A number of deaf-mutes from other places are expected to participate.

Mrs. J. H. Jernigan and her children left home for the Boston Mountain on a visit on the 24th of last June, where they will spend the summer. Her husband is a foreman at the Arkansas Mute Institution.

Mr. S. M. White, of La Fayette, Ill., has bought a new Harvester which binds automatically. His wife was educated at the New York Institution. She left school in 1859. Her maiden name was E. A. Easton. Dr. I. L. Peet was her teacher.

Alonzo Allard has been employed as a carpenter on a large hotel at Point of Pines for the past four months, which was finished on the 25th of July. On the 1st of August a good chance was given him immediately to work in the Novelty Wood Work Shop of J. J. McNutt, on Wareham street, Boston, Mass., which he accepted.

Mr. G. W. Schutt delivered an interesting service for the deaf-mutes in the Hall in Whiteport, N. Y., on the 22d of May last. There were only three deaf-mutes present, whose names were Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Ostrander and Miss Sarah H. Eltinge. He was the guest of Mr. Ostrander while in Whiteport.

The mother of Merritt Ostrander, of Whiteport, N. Y., died about two weeks ago, after an illness of eight weeks, during which time she suffered greatly. She was 80 years, 6 months, and 9 days old at the time of her death. She was universally acknowledged to be a good, tender and kind-hearted mother, and a happy christian. Her family miss her very much, especially her husband, who, notwithstanding his loss, seems calm and firm and contented with the will of God.

On the 27th of July, Mr. R. D. Livingstone upon arriving at Poncha Springs with his lady friends from Gunnison, was recognized by his old friend, a banker, and taken to the office for a "talk." Another banker came in the office at 9 o'clock in the evening under the influence of liquor, and struck the first banker's head, and the latter shot him for defence and he died. Mr. Livingstone was an eye-witness, and escaped being wounded in his arm. Mr. Livingstone left Poncha Springs where he enjoyed bathing in the Hot Springs for several days, but left for New Mexico and Durango.

A correspondent writes: "I noticed the item as regards William Wild in the JOURNAL. Several of the facts are defective. He is not uneducated. He has been seven years in a deaf and dumb school at Exter, in England, though he is merely one of the average mutes as are educated at our Institutions. The signs he uses are those in vogue at English schools, widely different from our methodical sign system. In England our signs would be called natural signs. He is an experienced and skillful mechanic, like most of the mute foreigners who come to our ever-welcome shores. As he is a member of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners throughout Great Britain and in this country, he brought a certificate from its branch in London, and presented it to the Boston branch, and got three offers. He is earning good union wages at present. It is not known how long he shall remain in America. He has a considerable amount of cash in a savings bank. He had a hearing brother who was killed in a mine in California last April. It is to be hoped that mutes in the Hub will not get up unfavorable stories about him, as he does not desire aid financially or otherwise. He don't look quite presentable, arising from exposure at his work. He thinks this country is a very fine one."

Steam at the Deaf-Mute School.

Pierce, Butler & Pierce, of Syracuse, are putting steam heating apparatus into the deaf-mute school building now in process of construction on Madison Street. The building will be heated by steam from basement to attic. William Greig is superintending the work here.—*Rome Sentinel, July 26.*

A pupil of the Michigan Institution Burned to Death.

The house occupied by Alonzo Derrick at Muir, Mich., was burned at 4 o'clock Monday morning, July 25th. The parents and three children sleeping on the first floor escaped, but the three other children sleeping in an upstairs room were burned to death. The fire was first discovered in the upper part of the house by a neighbor living directly opposite, who immediately ran across and roused the family, but it was too late to get to the room upstairs occupied by Richard, a deaf-mute, aged 11, who was home spending vacation from the Flint Asylum, Willie, aged 8, and little Carlie, Aged 5, who were burned so as not to be recognizable. The parents, one daughter, aged 13, and two younger children, one aged 3, and one, the baby, were sleeping below and were saved, together with most of their effects, as the fire and smoke at the time of the discovery was all above. The mother says she went upstairs about midnight, thinking to take little Carl below; but he was sleeping so sweetly in Dicky's arms that she left the three to their unsuspected fate. She says she put out her lamp before going down, which increases the mystery as to the origin of the fire; supposed to have originated from an explosion of the lamp.

Coffin, erstwhile of N. Y., is at the Windsor, Saratoga.

Prof. T. H. Jewell and wife are in Elmira, N. Y.

Mr. F. L. Selincy and wife are at the Thousand Islands.

Miss Katie C. Shute, of Williamsburg, N. Y., is in Freehold, N. Y.

Mr. Partington got a job in the Ducker Bakery, in Brooklyn, last week, and gets $5 per week.

Mr. Charles Lawton will go to see his old classmate, Richard Herrick, of Franklinville, soon.

Prof. Chamberlain, of the Rome School, attended the Troy Picnic, and is now at Saratoga Springs.

John P. Cotter, of Newark, N. J., visited the New York Institution and JOURNAL office last Monday.

John H. Dobbs is still in Marlboro. The report that he was working in Cornwall, N. Y., is incorrect.

A writer asks: "What has become of Miss Lockwood, of Stamford? H. F. W. would like to hear from her very soon."

Miss Sadie Dicks, of New York City, went to her father's farm at Tallman Station, N. Y, last Monday. She expects to stay there two weeks.

Last Wednesday, Miss Sadie Dicks paid a visit to her old classmate, Mrs. Emily Keiit, in Brooklyn, and staid with her a couple of days.

Chas. H. Steere has been in Providence, R. I., since the 1st of June. His family expect to move from Meriden, Ct., to Providence about the 15th inst.

Miss Nellie O'Gara would like to correspond with Mrs. Pownall, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss O'Gara's address is—Conant Thread Mill, Pawtucket, R. I.

Alex Dezendorf's grandmother expired after a long illness at her daughter's residence in Brooklyn last June. The remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

Thomas R. Stewart, of Newark, N. J., is on a three weeks' vacation. On Saturday, the 6th, he left Newark, and took a trip up the Hudson to West Point. He arrived home at 10 P.M.

Mrs. Lizzie Partington will return to Baltimore next September. She applied to the judge of Williamsburg Court to obtain a divorce from her husband, for the reason of poor support.

Mr. J. H. Eddy, of the Rome School, will shortly leave Rome for the Thousand Islands. He has been canoeing at Oneida Lake, having paddled to and from the lake by way of the Erie Canal.

Miss Georgie Loomis, of Sixth Avenue, New York City, is a mute, and is spending the summer with Hattie E. Wilson, of Easton Conn. It is doubtful whether Georgie will go to the Hartford School this fall, on account of her poor health.

The Treadwell Bakery Club, of New York City, (not Brooklyn,) played a game of base ball with Van Deveere & Holmes Bakery Club, in Staten Island last Sunday. Messrs. Alex Dezendorf and Frey, of the Treadwell Club, declined to play on the Sabbath.

Alex Dezendorf intends to go to Philadelphia to visit his cousin, and also a mute friend on the 3d of September. He may stay with his cousin in Southwest cor. 16th and Cherry streets, for a week. He would like to see his friends at St. Stephen's Church of that city.

A friend writes: "I am sorry to say that Mrs. Roberts, of New York City, has been quite broken down in health, and was going to Shelburne Falls, Mass., the latter part of July, to stay until cold weather comes. I wish her much better health upon coming home, and many a nice time there.

Ethelbert Hunter and wife are to be congratulated upon their success in marriage by their numerous friends in Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri. Everybody is envious of his wife's golden hair, she is a perfectly beautiful lady. May happiness and success attend you forever.—D. E. W., ILLINOIS.

Some of Miss E. Lockwood's friends wholly understand that she, with her father, sister and brother, are going to leave the farm this fall for good. Where their dwelling place will be we have not yet learned. Feeling very dignified indeed, Eliza has lately reached at the head of the family, her other sister having gone housekeeping near her hubbie's store.

There is a semi-mute sign painter named Chas. E. Gobber, living on 45th Street, New York City. He arrived from Philadelphia about a week ago. He has never been to a deaf-mute school, having lost his hearing at the age of ten years, and can only talk with the two handed alphabet. He does not understand signs or the single-handed alphabet.

At the late excursion of the M. L. A., a young lady (speaking) Miss Jean Van Tassell, a very amiable and intelligent person, was present. She pronounced it a very pleasant affair, seemed to have enjoyed the society of deaf-mutes, and indeed those of the mutes who were favored with an introduction to the lady equally enjoyed her company.

Frank Klingman, of New York, attended the Troy Picnic. He left Troy about a week ago and went to Syracuse, where he is now stopping at the Globe Hotel. He met Nye Brown and Chas. S. Doane a few days ago, and had a good conversation with them. Mr. Klingman says the mutes of Syracuse are a prosperous lot of young men. He expects to go to Senaca Falls, N. Y., where he will remain one week, as the guest of Mr. James D. Jones.

Mr. Albert Gug——er and another gentleman, on Sunday last availed themselves of a kind invitation tendered them by Miss Jean VanTassell at her home in Nyack on the Hudson. They received a cordial welcome from each and every member of her most amiable and hospitable family, parents, sisters and brother all did their best to pass the time agreeably for their guests, who were indeed handsomely entertained. In consequence of which the following day to them was bluer than any Monday in their experience. Mr. G. was seated at a desk in his father's office, so completed was he preoccupied with Nyack and the Van Tassels and so much did he feel himself indebted to them, that every now and then he would in place of other names write Van Tassell on the books and that on the credit side. It was indeed a comical sight to see him with eraser in hand scratching the error he so frequently made.

Leo Greiss, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will attend the Utica Convention.

Willie Rose has returned from Greenwich, N. Y. He did not see John R. Becker.

Mrs. Washington Huston, of Frankford Pa., expects to attend the Harrisburg Convention.

T. F. Driscoll was in St. Ann's last Sunday in company with a deaf-mute friend.

Misses Ludwig, Berley, Renode and Libel, were among the ladies in Stetson's on the 7th.

Mr. George L. Reynolds, of Brooklyn, N. Y., talks of taking a trip to Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Miss Mamie Weyant, of Tompkins Cove, Rockland Co., N. Y., has gone to Stony Point to spend a few weeks.

The best printer, it is reported, in the office of the *Catholic Herald*, of Boston and Lawrence, Mass., is a deaf-mute.

Mr. McClave, of New York City, a shoe-maker by trade, went to Nyack, N. Y., in search of work last Monday.

A deaf-mute named Miller, who recently came from Ireland is reported to have been killed in a New Jersey mill.

Mrs. Rocan, a semi-mute lady, of Philadelphia, is going to Brighton, N. J., and then to Atlantic City soon. We hope she may enjoy her travels.

Owing to the sudden appearance of sharks in the Hudson River, the swimming match between the type-slingers on the JOURNAL had to be given up.

J. Judson, of Prattsville N. Y., a deaf-mute shoe-maker, is the brother of Col. E. Judson, *alias* "Ned Buntline," of Stamford, Delaware Co., N. Y.

One of the Cleveland churches had a picnic at Cuyahoga Falls, August 2d. Among those who went were Misses Smith and Wienman, and Rev. Mr. Mann. A very enjoyable time was had.

Last Saturday, W. Durian, of the JOURNAL Office, went to visit Charles L. Clerq of New York City. Durian staid with him for one day. Clerq's father went fishing on Monday, the 8th.

Business will be disbanded for a month or two in the Vulcan steel works, South St. Louis on account of repairs, in which mill three mutes will be thrown out of work and have to look out for situations.

Mr. William A. Emmons, of East Millstone, N. J., was at the new York Institution last Sunday. In in the afternoon he attended St. Ann's Church, and at the conclusion of the services started for home.

The Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes has removed to Lexington avenue, between Sixty-Seventh and Sixty-Eighth streets, New York City. Next fall term begins on Wednesday, September 7th, 1881.

Little Agnes Craig and Daisy Hollister are in Saratoga. They have a beautiful cottage in a nice shady location, 173 Circular street. They will remain in Saratoga till September 1st, and will be pleased to have any of their deaf-mute friends call on them.

Last Friday, Messrs. Ballin, Fox, Porter, Donnelly, Capelli, Durian, Crorken and Pineres, had a jolly time on the dock of the New York Institution swimming. At the conclusion of the sport, Messrs. Fox and Ballin rowed across the river to Fort Lee.

The trustees of the Ohio Deaf and Dumb Asylum met to-day and transacted considerable routine business. It was decided to enlarge the *Mutes' Chronicle*, a weekly paper published at the institution, and also to make improvements and extend the conservatory.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Recently a moon-eyed chap dropped in the JOURNAL Office, on one of those days when the mercury fondly lingered among the nineties, and after remarking that he had been down to Coney Island he said "He thought it was ho——" He landed on the floor below a mass of blood and bones, and the "devil" now grinneth.

We were more than pleased to "clinch daddies" on Monday with F. R. Stryker, who is at present in town. Fred is employed as reporter, paragrapher and assistant foreman on the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, a neatly printed and well edited paper published in New York City.—*Gilboa (N. Y.) Monitor*, August 4.

Paul S. Morley, of Sharpsville, Mercer Co., Pa., has been passing his summer in both looking after and doing a job in some large gardens for his father. In the meantime, the latter has been on business into the country (Ohio) and the large town of Sharon, Pa. Morley says he spent his time pleasantly and quietly, enjoying himself in a high manner.

Mr. John D. Zeigler is expected to attend the Harrisburg Convention. He says he thinks it will be a profit and success, as many deaf-mutes are taking much interest in the first opening and organization of the Convention. He believes that it will be profitable to those who attend, and he will be glad to meet his old classmates and schoolfellows.

Geo. C. Saunders received a welcome letter from a deaf-mute of Millersburg, Pa., whose name is Geo. B. Bowers. He told G. C. S. that Mrs. Seal died from sickness last week. Her body was buried in Millersburg, Pa. She has a deaf-mute daughter, whose name is Miss Sarah Seal. Sarah lives in Beaverspring, Pa. She sadly misses her parent. She made a pleasant visit to C. B. B. in Millersburg, Pa.,

CALEDONIA, July 26.—A sad accident has happened to Willie, the deaf-mute son of Mr. Noah Lee. He was preparing to ride in a wagon, and in his haste ran against a young colt that was with the team. The colt kicked him on the face, laying open the flesh from the tip of the nose across the cheek to the eyeball. It is probable the eye is injured. The little fellow bears his sufferings well.—*Cincinnati (O.) Enquirer.*

A Mute Girl's Escape.

Two young ruffins made a dastardly assault about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon on a mute girl named Henrietta Schraeder, residing at No. 42 Kansas street, while she was recreating in Douglas Park. They assaulted her in the park, and in some manner induced her to go aside to an unfrequented spot. There they seized her, and the unfortunate girl being unable to give any alarm, would have been roughly treated by these thugs, but for the fortunate appearance of the Park Policeman John Wittde, who happened along at the time. He succeeded in arresting one of the fellows, who is a young man about 21 years old, giving the name of John McDonnell. The other is unknown, and made good his escape.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

W. A. Miles will attend the Convention at Harrisburg, on the 24th of August.

On Thursday, August 11th, the mutes of Baltimore will have an excursion to Tolchester Beach, thirty miles from Baltimore on the water.

News for one of the rusticators of the Catskill mountains. Mr. M. H. has a new hat trimmed with ticking, or what is more fashionably called "lawn tennis."

James Keyser, a deaf-mute farmer of Blenheim, N. Y., has just invested in a mammoth dog-power churn. He makes a large quantity of butter every year.

William J. Rudolph, of Melrose, will pay a flying visit to Lewiston, Me., as the deaf-mute Mission takes place on August 27th and 28th, next, if circumstances does not prevent him. He would like to see his mute friends and make new ones.

Freddie is very sorry to hear that his friend's, Mrs. Atwood, health is on the decline. He sends her his heartfelt sympathy and best wishes for her restoration to health. He regrets that he is is unable to be with her.

It was rumored that F. P. Locke was the one proposed as a representative and candidate for admission into the College at Washington, from the Le Conteulx Institution. His friends, East and West, would like to see him there.

On Wednesday, August 3d, at the Druid Hill Park, in Baltimore, Maryland, about one hundred and fifty mutes and their friends and parents, held a pleasant picnic. A number of mutes came from the country to see their friends and sweethearts.

Rev. Job Turner preached in St. Ann's Church, New York City, on Sunday, the 7th inst. He was assisted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and at the conclusion of the services he gave an account of his Southern tour. About seventy mutes were in attendance, and, doubtless, many more would have been there had the day been pleasant.

Messrs. Juhring, of Brooklyn, Lewis, of New York and another mute whose name could not be ascertained were on the sands at Coney Island last Sunday. The former appeared rather melancholy, while the two latter were quite gazing at the rear part of one of the "omnibuses" that conveys passengers to and from Manhattan Beach. Hope they enjoyed the trip.

The members of the Palmer family, according to the Catskill *Recorder* of July 29th, are to have a re-union at the old homestead of Walter Palmer, who lived in Stonington, Ct., in the year 1653. His descendants will meet there on the 10th and 11th of August. Myron Palmer, of Coxsackie, N. Y., a pupil of the New York Institution, is a descendant, and will undoubtedly witness the re-union ceremonies.

If Capelli & Co. are so anxious to have "Bob Anderson" act as refree for them or him (?) in one of their great swimming feats, he is willing to accept the honor—terms to be however that he be allowed to enter a man, the party to consist of five—two to enter the race, two as competitors' seconds, and the odd one to act as judge—the losing party to "fork out" a sum to be mutually agreed upon, which will go towards a regular "Quad Club" dinner. Mr. Sinclair is cordially invited *not* to enter.

Of Pittburg, Pa., Miss Annie Pfieffer and Messrs. Archie Woodside, Joe Atchison, Geo. Hartley, William Hedrick, all educated in the Philadelphia School, and H. H. B. McMaster, of Old Hartford School, will attend the Harrisburg Convention. They will all stop at Jones House. They expect the pleasure of meeting their old schoolmates there. Mr. Stout, of Connelsville, about fifty miles from Pittsburg, will also attend. After the Convention, three of them will visit the East.

Henry Miller, of South Gilboa, N. Y., a graduate of the New York Institution, is at present employed as a farm laborer near Blenheim, N. Y. When Henry left school he would not work for his father and appeared indisposed to do any thing for himself. His father at length became disgusted, and threatened to send Henry to the county poor house. Thereupon, rather than consent to this Henry expressed a willingness to labor and has stuck to it for the past two years. He is earning fair wages, and says he is happy and contented.

Last Thursday evening, Mexico, N. Y., enjoyed one of the finest lawn parties ever held there. The party was held on Mr. H. C. Rider's spacious lawn, under the auspices of the J. Ziugari Club, consisting of young unmarried ladies and gentlemen of Grace (Episcopal) Church of that place. The lawn was encircled, the front piazza of the house beautiful and the trees on the ground adorned with Chinese lanterns of various colors. With a large headlight lamp and other illuminations appropriate to the occasion, the grounds were beautifully lighted. Mexico Helicon Band played several fine selections which added much to the enjoyment of the guests. The Club served to their guests ice cream and other refreshments which were of the best, and as the lawn was so neatly arranged they ate their refreshments on tables which were on the grounds. The Club also sang some of their songs which were very agreeable. There was a very large number of people present and a great many vehicles lined the street in front of Mr. Rider's residence. This was a party that will be long remembered by Mexico people. It should also be stated that this party was a very appropriate thing for Mr. Rider, because he had a chance to celebrate the birth of his grandson, which took place the morning of the same day.

Dumb but not Morose.

(*Albany Press and Knickerbocker, Aug. 3*).

A number of deaf-mutes residing in this city and Troy held a picnic at Lansingburgh yesterday. They were accompanied by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet of St. Ann's Church, New York City.

Marriage of two Wisconsin Mutes.

Mr. Joshua Tschudy and Miss Mary Eberhart were united in holy matrimony on the 3d of June. The ceremony was performed by a speaking Reverend in New Glarus, Wisconsin, at the home of the groom. The wedding passed off very quietly, after which the happy pair immediately repaired to housekeeping. The only invited guests present were a few relatives of the groom. It may be remembered that Miss P. A. Smith was the first invited guest at their home. She being an old schoolmate of Mrs. Tschudy's and residing a short distance from their present destination. Mrs. Tschudy will return the visit in about a couple of weeks or as soon as the honey-moon is over. She is an excellent lady and will preside nobly. May they have a pleasant journey through life.

MARRIED.

In Clinton, Mass., August 6th, by Rev. Mr. C. M. Bowers, Charles E. Knight, of Worcester, Mass., to Miss Nellie B. Reekie, of Clinton, Mass.

Miss M. A. Marks is going back to Fort Wayne, Ind., where she expects to "settle down."

It is authoritatively reported that Mr. Dougherty, of St. Louis, will never come to college again, Reason: Best know to himself.

Mrs. M. E. Harden, of St. Louis, Mo., spent a flying visit in Bright, Ill., with her old friend. Miss Ellen Berry, matron of the Ill. Institution. She returned home refreshed, and looks as hale as a lily.

Messrs. McClellan, Donohue and the younger O'Brien made their first trip to Coney Island last Sunday, and being bound to make a day of it, took in all that was worth seeing on the beach from the "Elephant" at the West End to the strains of Levy's Cornet at Manhattan. They expressed themselves as having "a down right jolly good time" and are bound for Rockaway next Sunday.

From "Windy City."

"J. E. G.," in his last letter from this city, surpriseth us. He states that our dear friend, Prof. Samuel Porter, was in this city "*accompanied by his daughter.*" Hello! "J. E. G," Prof. Porter is the oldest old bachelor in the Deaf-Mute College; how then can it be that he hath a daughter?

Mr. M. J. Smith, of St. Louis, is in this city. He is employed in one of our rolling mills, and if he likes his place, he will make himself a permanent fixture here. He is well liked by the deaf-mutes who have met him here. Mr. Archibald Glenfield, a deaf-mute who was educated at London, England, is also here looking for work as a fancy baker in a Vienna Model Bakery.

Chas. Angel, of Topeka, Kansas, is at work in the Pullman Palace Car Shops near here.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Emery have lately been visiting their son Nelson, who has charge of a large fruit farm in Michigan. Hope they will bring us some peaches.

Something tremendous is going to happen before the last rose of summer is faded and gone, and 'J. E. G." is anxiously inquiring if anyone knows when.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hunter have moved up to nice airy quarters in Lakeview.

Miss Katie Luther had a nice little birthday party last evening.

Mr. Michael McFaul has good employment in a lumber yard. Two other deaf-mutes are employed with him in the same place.

Deaf-mutes have been dropping into Chicago one by one until there is quite a fine community here, so far as numbers and intelligence is concerned. It is about time for them to organize and form something that will do each other some good.

FIX.

CHICAGO, August 7, 1881.

Tin Wedding.

On Thursday night, August 4th, in Baltimore, Md., at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. S. Wells, thirty mutes attended their Tin Wedding party, and presented them with nice and useful presents. After an hour, the party went to the Colored Institution and enjoyed the entertainments of cake and candies, fruits and plenty of ice cream. They continued to amuse themselves until midnight. The couple received all the gifts (twenty-six in number) made from tin, except two—that is—a set of toilet ware (three pieces) from Mr. and Misss Barry, an water cooler, from G. W. Veditz; a spice box, from Issac Kaufman; a lantern, from Mr. and Mrs. Grow; a coffee pot, from Jas. Moylan; a tea can, from Harry Achey; a bread box, from Chas J. Peregoy; a crumb pan and brush, from Ella Peregoy; a bread box, from E. W. H. Gibbs; a large tray, from Mr. J. Amoss; a crumb pan and brush, from Kate Huldy; a milk pail, from Sadie Arnold; a flour pail, from Mrs. Morgan; a cuspidor from R. E. Underwood; a set of three boxes, from J. A. Thomas; an egg boiler, from Chas. O'Brien; a wine strainer, from Grace Webster; an old Dominion coffee pot, from Mrs. Montgomery, matron of the Colored Institution; a tea pot, (Brittania) from Mrs. Hathwelker, a wife of a druggist living opposite the house; a pie plate, from Mrs. Burton; a vegetable heater, from a friend; a soap holder, from Mrs. Birchett; three cake pans and a sieve, from Jennie Pines: two toy banks, from a friend. The couple will remember their kindness with pleasure.

NOTICE.

SERVICE AT READING.—Rev. H. W. Syle will hold service at St. Barnabas Church, Sixth street, near Spruce, Reading, Pa., on Sunday, August 14th, at 4 P.M.

A doubting mother placed some nitro-glycerine in her daughter's corset on the evening her fellow was coming. The girl loaned it to the cook, they had to scrape the old man off the ceiling to get enough of him to hold a decent funeral over.

Two or three hairs properly arranged on a plate of butter will save it longer and make it go farther than eight pounds of oleomargarine.—*Binghampton Republican.*

"Before I'd marry a man who chews tobacco, I'd stay an old maid till I got black in the face," exclaimed a Kokomo girl. And then she took a wad of gum from her mouth and stuck it on the underside of her chair for safety while she took time to eat her dinner.—*Tipton Express.*

EMPIRE STATE DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

The Ninth Biennial Reunion of the above named Association will be held in the City Opera House of Utica, on the 31st of August and the 1st of September, 1881.

The meeting of the first day will be opened at 9 o'clock with prayer and an address of welcome by the Mayor of Utica. Following these in order, will be the President's address and the Secretary's and Treasurer's reports.

The afternoon session will begin at 2 o'clock, and an oration will be delivered by Mr. J. H. Eddy, of the Rome Deaf-Mute Institution. Addresses from distinguished gentlemen, such as Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, Prof. E. B. Nelson, of the Rome Institution, Prof. Z. F. Westervelt, of the Rochester Institution, Rev. Job Turner, and others, are expected. The addresses and proceedings of the meetings will be interpreted for the benefit of hearing people present.

The morning service of the second day will begin at 9:30. Papers on different subjects relating to the deaf and dumb, written by prominent deaf-mutes, will be read. (We hope there will be several prepared). A paper on "Steady Employment for the Deaf-Mutes" will be read by H. C. Rider.

At the afternoon session, which opens at 2 o'clock, the election of officers of the Association for the two years, will take place. Resolutions, amendments to the Constitution, etc., will come next in order.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will give the Reunion an account of his late visit in Europe, and also hold the usual service at some church in the city.

The following hotels will accommodate guests at reduced rates: The Bagg's Hotel and the Butterfield House, both managed by one proprietor, at the rate of $2.00 and $2.50 per day—the fifty cents being for the best rooms; and the Grand Central Hotel, $1.50 per day.

As to the railroads reducing their fare to persons attending the Reunion, most of them prefer giving excursion tickets. All those who go over their respective lines, can, no doubt, obtain excursion tickets which will entitle them to go and return at about half fare, if they will explain to their respective home ticket agents their object in going to Utica. The New York Central & Hudson River Rail Road Company consider their low rate of two cents a mile equivalent to half fare in comparison with other railroads, whose companies charge three and a half to four cents a mile. If one hundred persons go by the People's Line of Steamers to Albany, the Company will sell excursion tickets to Albany and return for $2. If less than one hundred go, the regular excursion rate will be charged.

The third and last day (September 2d), will be given to an excursion to the celebrated Trenton Falls, over the Utica & Black River Railroad, with which arrangements for reduced fare in going and returning have already been made. Dinner and supper will be served there at Moore's Hotel, at reduced prices.

A cordial invitation is extended to all deaf-mutes and their friends to be present at the Reunion of the Association.

H. C. RIDER, *President.*
E. A. HODGSON, *Secretary.*

PENNSYLVANIA CONVENTION.

The Convention of the *Alumni* of the Philadelphia Institution will be held in the Hall of the House of Representatives, city of Harrisburg, on the 24th of August next, and continue in session for not less than three days.

Mr. John Carlin, of New York, will be the orator of the occasion.

Notice will in due time be given through the JOURNAL of reduced rates of transportation and hotel accommodations, etc.

The paramount object of the Convention will—it should be borne in mind—be the forming of an *Alumni* society. The *State Committee* will do all in its power to render the occasion a success, and every graduate should make it his or her pleasure, as well as duty, to be present.

R. M. ZEIGLER, Chairman.
S. G. DAVIDSON, Secretary.
B. R. ALLABOUGH.
} *State Committee*

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

"COLUMBUS."

AN ESSAY ON "LET GIRLS BE GIRLS," WITH THE USUAL STRING OF NOTES, RELATING TO PERSONS AND THINGS.

The following is an essay read at the graduating exercises of the Ohio Institution, by Miss Jessie W. Sawhill. It it well worth reading, and we think will be fully appreciated by the lady readers of the JOURNAL. Its title is "Let Girls be Girls."

"Girls are sometimes frowned upon and scolded for not being premature old women. When they do anything foolish they are told they ought to be ashamed of themselves. They are expected to be as wise and dignified as their own grandmothers. They must wear plain dresses, comb their hair straight without ornament, and be satisfied with calf-skin shoes. They must work very hard till they have lost life. They must be proud of hard, brown hands and a sunburnt complexion. They must not flirt. They must stay at home and read solid books, or help their mothers work, and sew all the time. They are not to be allowed to go out of doors much to play ball and croquet. If they play a a great deal or act in a lively manner, they are called Tom-boys. Young men seem to think they must watch them. If they hear of the prices paid for new bonnets, they sigh and begin to talk of extravagance. But economy is not what they think of when they buy their segars. When they rest their eyes on pretty ribbons, they are sad, and have something to say about fortunes being thrown away on trifles, but when they feel they must drive out for their health, don't they rub their eyes well and look about for the girls with the prettiest ribbons, and hire rigs regardless of cost? If the girls talk to the other fellows, they pretend to be wise and say it is all silly, but are they not wondrously happy to have them talk to them?

"Girls will be girls as long as the world lasts. They can not help it. They will wear pretty dresses, and curl and frizzle and bang their hair. They will wear stylish shoes. They will not work very hard if they can help it. They will gossip whenever they can get a chance. They will read novels. They will go out and play as much as they like.

"Let girls be girls. Let them enjoy themselves till they become women. Of course, they may commit thousands of follies in youth, but when they get old they shall act like wise ladies—so they shall.

"Let them enjoy themselves as long as they can. They will need all the help of that merry heart that doeth good as a medicine. And you shall see none rise more lightly above the buffeting waves of adversity than these same girls to women grown—stronger to do and endure for their light hearted girlhood."

One of the little girl pupils, who is kept here during vacation for want of a home, the other day while playing about the yard fell down and broke her collar bone. The injury, happily, however, is not serious, and at present she is getting along as well as could be desired.

The firemen at the 3d Street Station, among whom is Mr. Flenniken, having a young spotted-fawn on their hands, and not knowing what to do with it, voted it to the institution. It is at present kept in the boys' play-room, but quarters will be fixed up for it as soon as possible down near the Russell.

Superintendent Perry and Foreman Scott of the Printing Office went to Cincinnati on Wednesday, on business connected with the *Chronicle*. Mr. Perry returned the same evening, while Mr. Scott remained to take in the sight and pleasures of the Paris of America for a few days.

Eddie Holcross spent a few days of this week in Delaware and Ashland. In the former place he met Messrs Shoop and Anthony, remaining a day with them. At Ashland he fell in with Mr. Benedict who is assisting his father in a livery stable, while there Mr. Holycross reports having had a fine time with Mr. Benedict riding over the country.

The rain of last week has set the grass growing again, and the front grounds of the institution with their beds of blooming plants present quite an attractive appearance now.

The museum, in which there are quite a collection of minerals, shells, and a large number of reports from various deaf-mute institutions is soon to be numbered among the past. The room is to be divided by a partition and made use if for teachers' apartments.

The scrubbing and cleaning brigade has got to the school-rooms, these and the study-rooms will about complete their work. The plasterer has also gone on his rounds through the house patching up places where needed.

Steward and Mrs. Wakefield have gone to the country for a few days to obtain a little needed rest.

Miss Mary High, one if the Assistant matrons, has gone to Bars Island to spent her two weeks' vacation, and Mr. Saum, one of the boys' supervisors has taken himself to "Ole Virginney" where his parents reside.

Vennor is off by a long shot. He predicted for us here cool weather, wheras the mercury is way up in the nineties making one anything but comfortable.

Miss Sarah Woodring is again working in the State Bindery here.

COLUMBUS.

8-6-'81.

Buckeye City.

Personal—Picnic—Sociable.

Miscellaneous Gossip, etc.

Rustication is the order of the day this summer.

Mrs. James Gilmore went to Trumbull County, O., with her children, leaving behind her husband on duty last week. Her husband left on Saturday for the place where she is stopping. They are expected to be absent about three weeks.

Perry Swinford, of Ashland, O., came over to this city during the race week last week, and spent the time with his friends, after which he went home a happy man. He was in town four days, during which time he was the guest at the American House, a "high-toned" hotel. He expressed himself as being well pleased with his visit, and says he contemplates moving here to "settle down," should circumstances permit. He is a harness-maker by trade, and it is said he is a good workman.

Miss McNeally, whose item was mentioned in the JOURNAL a few weeks ago, concerning her education in Ohio, is an error, for she was educated in Buffalo, N. Y. She was surprised to see the item appear erroneously. She wants "Typo" to correct it O. K. She met with an accident two weeks ago. Just as she was papering a wall, the chair on which she stood gave away and she fell on the floor, and the result was that she received several bruises in the face, thus confining her to bed for a week. It was thought that she would have been somewhat injured in her face, but, we are glad to learn, was able to stand up and walk well. She is now out of danger, and the bruises she had on her face have disappeared mysteriously.

A well dressed man, who claims to be an ex-pupil in the Gotham School, made his appearance here. He went to the *Leader* office where he made some enquiries about the whereabouts of W. D. Edwards, a printer. Upon being told that he was not there, but should he wait longer he might see him at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The man could not spare time, so he left the office, but fortunately he met another mute by the name of "Johnny" Vi tes. Vietes informed him that Edwards would not be up till 4 or 6 o'clock P.M. He was glad to get acquainted with several mutes here. At Williams' printing establishment he was escorted to meet another mute. After meeting, the conversation began thus:

"Are you a mute, sir?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, I am."

"What's your name, sir?"

"John West." [Probably *Hiram* West—ED.]

"Where did you hail from?"

"Gotham City."

"What is your trade?"

"I am the jack of all trades, such as undertaker, etc."

"How long have you attended school?"

"Not exactly eight years, but I should have gone to school only four years."

He is a very smart man. He can make devil sh tricks. He can exhibit funny ways of changing his face, and would, we consider, make a good clown if a position be tendered him. So far as we learned of his occupation, we understood that he sells needles as he travels through the country, but sometimes gives up his job and works at his trade—that of an undertaker. He claimed to own a coffin establishment once in Gloversville, N. Y. He spent several days with us, and is now on his way to Chica o. He is very witty, and every body laughed heartily when he made tricks with his face.

Rev. Mr. Mann delivered a good sermon in Grace Church last week, and in the presence of mutes, numbering fourteen ladies and four gentlemen. He gave some interesting incidents of how the roots of trees were not broken when the branches grew strongly, and when you see a tree swing as if it was to be broken to pieces, it will still remain firm and strong, and will not fall to the ground because of the strength of its roots that grow steadily every day by means of depending on water which is very useful in enabling them to grow. "No water, no roots," and then no trees to stand to keep us cool. It is a translation in the Bible which describes how we avoid bad company and abstaining from those who are fond of worldly things and forget God. The auditors were interested in his sermon, although there was a slim attendance. Rev. Mann was much encouraged in his preaching to us. He will give us another turn on August 14th, when a better audience will be anticipated. Rev. Mr Mann says we ought to be thankful to God for his generous kindness in appointing good ministers for the unfortunates.

PICNIC.

The picnic which comes off on the tenth of this month, is expected to be a grand success. The Rocky River is famous for amusements. There is a nice grove near the river. Baseball, croquet, swinging, jumping, boating, fishing, and many other kinds of amusement will be the order of the day for those who will attend. Your correspondent will give full details of the picnic in the next week's issue.

SOCIABLE.

A sociable is talked of somewhere in this city, the date not yet being determined upon. The Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements is now arranging things, he expects to make the affair a grand success. It is hoped that mutes living outside of Cleveland will make their appearance and enjoy the occasion with us. The fair week will be the time to enjoy ourselves. The sociable will be held in September, should the Detroit mutes pledge themselves to attend.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Circus days give the Cleveland people and mutes enjoyment. Plenty of pickpockets were detected. On Augsut 6th, Coup's Circus was billed here, and Barnum's on the 10th. Barnum is Coup-ed. Coup smiles, smokes and laughs at Barnum in his cage as he growls.

Sword, *alias* Seward, is well known here, and is condemned by all who have been acquainted with him. "Rocky work" will be his future happiness, or a rope tied around his neck would learn him a better lesson. He is a well-known bigamist, having deserted three wives and children; was a pupil at Danville, Ky.; was regarded as a hard case ever since he was quite a boy. "Judge De Coursey" ought to give him a sentence, and should he do the same, he will reflect some remarkable credit for his bravery.

John Vietes is now a "sub" on the *Leader* with Edwards, to take the place of Gilmore for a couple of weeks.

SPLINTERS FROM ELSEWHERE.

The following is clipped from the Cincinnati *Inquirer*:

"Isaiah Mack, aged fifty-five years, a deaf-mute, was going to his home five miles north of this place this afternoon, and when three miles on the way, walking on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad track, the engine of the four o'clock mail train struck him, inflicting injuries from which he died in an hour."

A friend received a letter from Mr. John Morris, saying that he is doing well in Pigeon Run, Ohio. He is now foreman of a coal mine, where his uncle owns a mine employing 300 negroes. He earns good wages, and ought to have a wife whom he is able to support. He has got a mute sister attending the housework.

George W. Johnson, of West Salem, O., talks of going to New Mexico some time this year. George, beware of Indians, or you will be shot down, and what will you do if the pistol is pointed at your head?

TYPO.

CLEVELAND, O., August 8, '81.

Harrisburgh Convention.

Fellow Graduates:—It is my desire as well as duty, I think, to explain to you why circulars were not printed and distributed, as I said long ago I would have them printed and distributed *very soon*. But I shall expect to have them printed on Tuesday next, and ready for distribution about Friday.

The explanation is this: The next day after I visited Pine Grove Park, I received from Mr. James L. Paul, Chief Clerk of the Department of Soldiers' Orphans of Pennsylvania, the following letter:

"COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.
"DEPARTMENT OF SOLDIERS' ORPHANS,
"HARRISBURG, July 16, 1881.

"R. M. ZIEGLER, ESQ.,:

"DEAR SIR:—I called on Mr. Patterson, the Resident Clerk of the House, this morning to ask him for the use of the Hall for the Alumni of our Soldiers' Orphan Schools to hold a reunion on the 24th, 25th and 26th, days of August, and was informed that it had been given to the Deaf-Mutes to hold an Alumni Meeting on said days.

"They expected to hold said re-union in the Grand Opera House; but when they came to engage it, they were informed that another party had it for the 25th.

"Too only chance they now have is to take the Senate Chamber, which I fear will be too small for them, as they expect between five and six hundred members present.

"Mr. Patterson stated that it was possible that the Senate Chamber might serve your purpose as well as the House, as your number would not be so great.

"I have concluded to write and ask whether or not you would agree to exchange halls with the e young people?

"It will be no favor done me personally. I do this to oblige them, thinking possibly because of their inexperience in such matters, that I might know better than they.

"If you will agree to this exchange, you will gladden the hearts of these young people, who will ever remember the act with much gratitude.

"Your Servant,
JAS. L. PAUL,
"*Chief Clerk Dept.*"

In reply, I stated to him about how many would very likely attend the Convention. I made inquiry relating to the capacity of the Senate Chamber, and asked him if the Soldiers' Orphans Alumni intended to arrange for any excursion. And his reply of the 19th ult., was as follows:

"R. M. ZIEGLER, ESQ.:

"DEAR SIR:—Your kind favor is before me, for which please accept my kindest thanks.

"In reply to your inquiry, I will say that there are 50 desks in the Senate Chamber; but chairs can and would be put in to seat 100 additional, and perhaps more. This has frequently been done before. Two years ago we held a State Convention of County and City Superintendents in said Chamber. Over 100 members in all being present, and had ample room to spare.

"Dr. Wickenham at the time had the choice of House and Senate, and took the latter, because of it not being so large. Of course, you will do exactly what you think is best for your friends, and no one will be disposed to find fault. I hope, however, it will be found convenient to make the exchange.

"As far as I know there is no excursion contemplated by these young people. If I learn to the contrary, I will advise you

"Thanking you for your kind courtesy, I beg leave to subscribe myself

"Yours Truly,
"JAMES L. PAUL."

In answer to this reply, I said that as his information concerning the capacity of the Senate Chamber was satisfactory, I was willing to exchange the halls with the young people, provided I should not have to hire chairs when needed. His reply of the 20th ult., reads as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—I have referred your favor of this morning to Mr. C. D. Rudy, Chairman Committee on the part of Soldiers' Orphan graduates, with a request that he confer further with you, inasmuch as I go to the seashore Friday, and will be absent ten days or two weeks.

"The Governor, State Treasurer and Auditor General, constitute the commissioners having charge of the public buildings and grounds. I to-day got the consent of the two officers last named for use of the Senate Chamber from August 24th. The Governor is absent in Luzerne County, but Mr. Rudy will write him on the subject to-night, and have his consent by Saturday. He will then communicate with you, or go to see you.

"As the chairs are State property, there will be no charge made for any number you may want. It is the custom of public bodies holding meetings in either of the Halls to give the Janitor a small fee for services required during the meeting. This will be expected of you in the House same as in the Senate.

"Thanking you for your kindness towards the young people

I beg to remain
"Yours Truly,
"JAS. L. PAUL,
"*Chief Clerk.*"

As I had not heard from Mr. Rudy by July 30th, I wrote to him and said I was very anxious to hear from him. On Monday (August 1st) I wrote to him again, and informed him that after a careful reconsideration, I withdrew my action in regard to the exchange of halls with reasons for it, and said that I would expect to hear from him in a day or two. When the two days had elapsed, I had not yet heard from him. I began to think it very strange, and then to fear that something mischievous must have happened, Finally, I decided to go to Harrisburg to enquire into the matter. Accordingly, I went there on Thursday (August 4th). I called on Mr. Patterson, the Resident Clerk of the House, and told him about the matter, and asked him if he knew anything in connection with it. In reply, he said he told Mr. Paul that it must be through me that he might secure the Hall of the House. Then he said it was for me to decide whether or not I would exchange halls with the Soldiers' Orphans Alumni. Now I was entirely satisfied. By and by, I met Mr. Paul, who having heard about the matter, expressed his regret for the delay which had been the cause of all this trouble. Then, he and Mr. Patterson showed me the Senate Chamber. I examined it thoroughly. The result: I found that this Chamber can accommodate between three and four hundred people *comfortably*, and also that the speaker's platform can be seen better in it than in the other hall. After this, Mr. Paul and myself called on Mr. Rudy, who was told all all about the trouble. The latter said he wrote a letter to me the night before. After a long talk as to the exchange of halls, Mr. Rudy and myself finally agreed to make the exchange for August 24th, 25th and 26th—that is deaf-mutes using the Senate, and "Sixteeners," as they are called, the House. But that would depend on the consent of tke Governor to grant him the use of the Senate Chamber. Yesterday, (August 5th) I received from Mr. Rudy a postal card, informing me that he had the Governor's approval of the Senate Chamber. So it is now properly arranged between him and myself, as he has informed Captain Delaney, Senate Chamber Librarian, of this arrangement.

Well, in the course of that long talk, I found that the "G. A. R.," of Harrisburg, will have a picnic at Pine Grove Park on August 26th—on the same day on which I intended to arrange for an excursion there. At the time, I thought that should I refuse to exchange halls with Mr. Rudy, my fellow alumni would not probably be invited to attend the picnic, as Mr. Paul is a member of the "G. A. R.," and the Soldier's Orphans Alumni were to be invited to attend. With a view of having mutes invited to attend too, which would then relieve me a good deal, I agreed to exchange halls with him as I said above. Next, I informed Mr. Paul that I would like to have deaf-mutes go together with the "G. A. R.," and, in reply, he said that they would be much pleased to have us all go with them, and then told me all about the arrangements for the picnic. Then, I returned home in the evening, satisfied with the arrangement between them and myself.

My object in quoting the above letters and stating what I did, is to explain to you, fellow graduates, why I exchanged the halls with Mr. Rudy, and, also, why circulars were not printed and distributed very soon as was expected.

Immediately on my arrival home from Harrisburg, I wrote to Governor Hoyt, as he would be home the next day, and invited him to deliver an address of welcome before the Convention. And his reply of yesterday, which I think you would like to read, is quoted below:

"COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA,
"EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
"HARRISBURG, August 5, 1881.

"R. M. ZIEGLER, ESQ.,
"*Chairman, &c*,
"CARLISLE, PA.,

"MY DEAR SIR:—Yours of yesterday suggesting a short address of welcome to the Alumni of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at their proposed meeting here on the 25th *inst.*, is received.

"It will give me sincere pleasure to attempt to comply with your request. The contingency of my absence then—not now foreseen—will alone prevent.

"Very Truly Yours
"HENRY M. HOYT."

I will, if possible, secure the Mayor of Harrisburg in case of the latter's absence.

Again, I can assure you that all the arrangements, with one exception, have been completed to make the occasion one of profit and pleasure. The exception will be made in a week, and then announced at the Convention.

To those who wish to pass over the Philadelphia and Reading Rail Road or its branches to attend the Convention, I wish to say that they should let me know any time *before August 18th*, and then, on the 19th inst., I shall write to Mr. Hancock, General Passenger Agent, and ask him to get you excursion tickets to Harrisburg and return.

R. M. ZIEGLER,
Chairman State Committee.

CARLISLE, PA., August 6, 1881.

BALTIMORE.

The Re-union Picnic of the Mutes of Maryland.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—As made known before this, in the JOURNAL, the third annual reunion picnic of the mutes of Maryland took place in grove No. 8 Druid Hill Park, the sylvan pride of Baltimore, on the 3d inst. The day had been looked forward to with impatience, and heartfelt were the wishes that Old Probs might let us alone with gloomy prognostications. These were for once gratified for the weather, barring the heat, was all that could be desired. Old Sol shone in all his glory, and not a threatening cloud obscured the blue azure the livelong day. As we have said, the heat was great, but, secure in the cool shades of the grove, we could bid defiance to the sun's utmost.

By twos and threes, and at times in larger parties, the picnickers came dropping in early in the morning and assembled in the grove, making a wooded knoll in the vicinity of Mountain Pass spring their rendezvous. As the morn advanced the party rapidly increased, and soon the grove presented a lively appearance, groups of mutes scattered here and there, all in animated conversation and their faces aglow with pleasure as new friendships were made and old acquaintances renewed. The picnickers by no means confined themselves to the grove but rambled about the Park, where at every step the changing panorama afforded the delighted eye some new sight of natural beauty.

It will require a more eloquent pen than mine to do but slight justice to the varied beauties of this park, the pride of our city, with its green expanse of nearly one thousand acres, its lovely lakes, of which the largest Druid Lake, has a circumscribing drive of two miles, its gigantic reservoirs of Mount Royal and Mount Roland, its twenty groves with their majestic growth of noble forest trees, the delight of picnickers, and haunt of numerous droves of deer, its fountains and rills, its rustic arbors and pavilions, its sequestered nooks and beautiful vales, its lovers and "philosopher's" walks, and its broad and winding drives over hill and dale, and now through avenues of handsome forest giants, now through rows of noble columns of gigantic vases filled with flowers. But let me say that under the influence of the surrounding woodland beauties, delighting both body and soul, and contrasting so greatly with the hot enervating air of the city, one and all could not but enjoy the day to their heart's content. Consequently, on all sides, one could only see animated, smiling faces, and more too, the cheerfulness was contagious, for many speaking persons drew nigh and viewed with interest and astonishment, not unmixed with amusement to them, unintelligible gestures of the happy throng, and quite often they were compelled to join in our merriment.

Nor were means of amusement wanting—boating on the placid lakes, driving, swings, croquet and lawn tennis, quoits, base ball and the like were indulged in with a zest that indicated the determination of the participants to make the most of the day. Not a few of the gentlemen present had once been famous stars on the old Institution ball field. There were Messrs. Maslin, Kennedy and Houston, of Crane B. B. C. fame, (in its day the crack nine of the country). Amoss, Hays and Thomas, of the later Athletics, and many others. Seeing such a goodly number of cracksmen at the noble pastime present, they resolved to play a game in the afternoon, to see what of their old skill still remained in them. Unfortunately, there was one draw back. Balls, there were plenty, but alas! no one had thought of bringing bats, and as these could be procured neither by money nor by good will, they had to abandon their purpose much to the regret of the company. The balls, however, were made good use of.

There were those, too, who did not pass over Milton's admonition to

"Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light, fantastic toe."

The Virgina reel and raquette were the favorite dances, one of the pavilions being resorted to. Nor did young or old fail to find delight in viewing the animal collection at the Mansion House, or the curiosities of the Maryland Building—Baltimore's relique of the centennial celebration.

More quiet spirits did not fail to take advantage of the shady and sequestered walks of the grove. Here and there might be seen young gallants with a fair one at his side; his eyes

* * looking love
To eyes that spake again,

and we doubt not that the "old, old story" was repeated more than once that day.

The attendance was much larger than at the two preceding picnics. Judging from the number, there must have been at least one hundred and twenty-five mutes present, not a few coming from a distance. Our hearing friends and acquaintances swelled the number to about four hundred, but the grove could amply accommodate twice as many more without inconvenience or crowding. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Barry, Miss Barry and Mr. Wells, the Committee of Arrangements, to whose good management the success of the picnic is mostly due. Mrs. Wells and daughters, Mrs. Palmer and son, Miss Crumbacker, matron of the State schools; Messrs. T. H. Kiesel, of Delaware and G. W. Veditz, students of the college; the Misses Peregoy, Arnold, Haldy and Henry, (who by the way, claims a distant cousinship with old "Give me liberty, or give me death") and Messrs. Schwartz, Peregoy and Amoss. Hearty old Edmond Gibbs was there too, with his humorous reminiscences of thirty-five years back, also witty Tom Hays and genial Joe Thomas.

Regret was expressed by all at the absence of Mr. Ely, the esteemed principal of our *Alma Mater*. We believe that he is now rusticating with his family somewhere in Connecticut. Hence his non-attendance. Dignified Job Turner had sent word that he would be present, but for some reason or other did not put in appearance. There were those who anticipated his acquaintance with interest, and would undoubtedly have made him one of the lions of the day, and, therefore, the old gentleman's failure to attend caused some disappointment.

It was not until the shades of evening began to prevail that the merry party broke up, and when it did one and all declared they had had a right jolly time, and vowed they "would be thar" when next year's picnic should come off.

The interest manifested in the reunion picnic by the mutes of the State, has led your correspondent to the hope and belief that it may yet occasion the formation of a State or *Alumni* association. Though the mutes of Maryland are comparatively few in number, they lack neither intelligence nor energy, and appealing to them, and relying on the two traits for a hearty and willing response, we ask: "Why should we not unite in an association of our own? Why should we longer remain without any bound of union? Why should we not emulate the example of our neighbors, the mutes of Pennsylvania, now earnestly striving to form an *Alumni* association? Why let Maryland remain behind her sister States in this respect? Then, let "Association and Union" be the watchword at our next assembly."

THANEMORE.

BALTIMORE, August 6, '81.

Not the "boss."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—An editorial in your issue of August 4th, among other remarks, represents me as having obtained control of the *Silent World*, and that I am the boss, also that I am guilty of underhanded work in connection with that paper. Now I wish to state that these charges have no truth in them, and that you have evidently obtained your information from unreliable sources. Whoever is editor, foreman, or proprietor of that paper can and will tell you the same. I do not now care to say anything in reply to the other insinuation made in that editorial. Your readers will recollect similar charges have been brought against me in the past and proved to be false. I will close by merely adding that I do not know who Quiz is, whom you refer to as being a willing tool of Miss Fuller and myself.

Please do me justice to publish this in your next issue, and oblige,

Respectfully,
JOHN T. TILLINGHAST.

Aug. 5, 1881.

? ? ? ? ? ?

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It is more a matter of pleasure than regret to us to let the readers of the JOURNAL know that "Defender" is not among the dead. We assure them that he still clings with the tenacity of steel to the original principles, and will be more severe, unless howling and grumbling against the right side, which he represents, be stopped at once.

We'll not make any reply for the present, until we see what the answers to the questions as given below will be.

1. Does the Clerc Literary Association recognize *Mr. Thomas Breen* as its REPRESENTATIVE, as far as the unpleasant matter which has re-appeared is concerned?

2. Does the Association sustain Mr. Breen's assertion that Mr. R. M. Ziegler's letter of explanation as published in the JOURNAL of the 7th ult., is of no importance to it?

3. Does the Association, of which Mr. Arms is the head, take any part in the dispute now prevailing?

4. If so, does it intend to continue abusing *the State Committee*, while it demands relief from such trouble?

5. Is there any foundation in Mr. Breen's surprising statement that Mr R. M. Ziegler *refused* to give them the report of the State Committee *when requested*, at the general meeting?

6. Will the Association answer these questions?

In the, we do honorably expect that the Association will answer the questions with *honor* and *credit* to itself.

The reason why we ask for the answers from the said *Association* directly, is because Mr. Breen mentions it so much.

DEFENDER!

PA., August 1, 1881.

Sustain the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—

The Third Convention of the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission will meet in the Hall of Y. M. C. Association Auburn, August 27th, 1881, at half past two P.M. The election of officers and other business matters will be the order of the afternoon, and a social gathering follows in the evening.

Mr. Melville Ballard, of Washington, D. C., and others, will conduct Sunday services. It is hoped those intending to come will not miss such an excellent opportunity. Board and lodging may be had for from 50 cents to $1.50 per day. Hotels and boarding houses very near. Free return tickets on the Main Central R. R., to those who paid their fares. A very cordial invitation is extended to all.

Yours respectfully,
C. AUG. BROWN.

BELFAST, August 5, '81.

Unwilling Reply.

I am sorry that Mr. Zeigler has seen fit to force a controversy between us in relation to the Convention. I would prefer to let the matter end just where it is, but I am obliged to reply, simply as an act of justice to myself, as well as to my friends Messrs. Elwell and Cullingworth, who, it seems, have been placed in an embarrassing position—*vide* the controversy.

It is quite true that Messrs. Cullingworth, Elwell, and myself, freely agreed to forget all difference and that we shook hands with the worthy Chairman.

Mr. Zeigler, however, overstates the facts when he says (in effect) that we agreed to the "peace" policy in behalf of the Clerc Literary Society and the mutes of Philadelphia!

Why, what has got into the head of our friend, that he should make such a statement as that!

It is true that Messrs. Cullingworth, Elwell, and myself have some ambition—that we want to get up the ladder as fast as it is possible to do so, but no one except Mr. Zeigler has ever accused us of such vaulting, and we will say, questionable ambition, as to aspire to override the opinion of the four hundred or more inteligent deaf-mutes here. Such an idea never entered our heads, never could! We "three" spoke simply as individuals.

As to the question of veracity between us, which Mr. Zeigler brings up, I have nothing to say except to suggest that the readers look over Mr. Zeigler's letter and note how inconsistently it is written.

I would hint to Mr. Zeigler that he had better consult Webster and find out what consistency means.

In conclusion, let me say that my letter was not written with the idea of attacking the Committee, but was simply a presentation of facts as they were given me.

I cannot possibly have any motive in quarreling with the Committee—The Convention can be held at the antipodes for all that I can say of it. A non-graduate cannot with any show of reason debate when or where an Alumni Society should hold its meetings—Mr Zeigler can now understand, I hope, that all discussion between us in connection with the Convention is to us, in the parliamentary phrase, out of order.

I shall continue wishing every success to the affair, and will endeavor to the best of my ability to induce all I shall meet with, to go to and help swell the attendance.

H. P. ARMS, JR.

PHILA., Aug. 5, '81.

Cincinnati.

Mr. R. P. McGregor has accepted the principalship of the Colorado Institution for Deaf-Mutes, and will start for his new field of labor on the 1st of next month. We all regret to part with him and his excellent wife, who have won many warm friends here during their residence of six years in this city.

There are several applicants for the vacancy thus created in the Cincinnati Day-School, and Mr. Oscar Wood seems to have the best chance—Mr. Wood is a speaking gentleman, but his life-long association with his cousin Alfred Wood, renders him familiar with the deaf-mute sign-language and alphabet.

Mr. Robert D. Lee returned to his post last week after a week's visit to his home in New Albany, Ind., and also to Indianapolis. He did not bring a Mrs. Lee with him, notwithstanding the respects however.

Mr. Ben. Oppenheimer, of whom mention was made in the JOURNAL some time ago as having lost his photograph gallery by fire in Tennessee, is out with tickets for a picnic for his own benefit. It is his purpose to save money and go into business again. The ticket he prints is as follows:

GRAND PIC-NIC
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
CINCINNATI MUTE SOCIETY,
At the Bellevue House,
DANCING FROM 3 P.M. TO 12 P.M.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1881.
TICKETS - 25 CENTS.

Every Ticket entitles the holder to one chance on a Gentlemans' Gold Watch to be raffled at the Pic-Nic. The Watch can be seen in the Show Window at No. 13 Emery Arcade. An elegant Gold Watch will be presented to the person selling the largest number of Tickets.

I hope he will be successful, and the picnic is likely to be pleasant one, as several mutes from abroad will be present.

MERCURY.

Aug. 6, 1881.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Indianapolis	Aug. 7th.
Cleveland	" 14th.
Pittsburg	" 21st.
Dayton	" 26th.
Cincinnati	" 28th.
Detroit	Sept. 4th.

SILENT AS DEAD.

A Band of Happy People Unable to Speak or Hear.

STRANGE SCENES WITNESSED AT THE FOURTH ANNUAL PICNIC OF DEAF-MUTES.

Conversation Carried on and Stories of Love Told by Signs and Motions of the Lips.

[*From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat*]

There is at Rinkelville, a precinct of St. Louis located on the St. Charles Rock Road about a mile and a half west of the Jockey Club track, a popular resort much affected by the St. Louis Schutzenverein. A rifle range of 400 yards is the leading feature of a most attractive park. Every Sunday the sharpshooters gather there in force. The wives and children sit in the shade of the trees. The men keep the air disturbed and fairly sulphurous in odor in the vicinity of the rifle range. Picnics are given in connection with these weekly gatherings of the workmen. While the young men and ladies are dancing, or swinging, or ea ing, or drinking, the elder males keep up the fusilade. Yesterday a picnic was held in the park. There were about three hundred people, young and old, present. There was no rifle shooting or dancing. There was however, plenty of fun and innocent amusement, but no noise. The fourth annual picnic of the deaf-mutes of St. Louis and neighboring points was given at this handsome park. It was a strange sight that met the eyes of the *Globe-Democrat* reporter as he entered the inclosure. The ground were fairly occupied by as well-dressed and intelligent looking a throng as one would find anywhere. A group of young men and ladies were playing a round game called "Copenhagen," in an inviting portion of the grove. The game is familiar. An old grapevine or rope is brought into requisition. A circle is formed, and all except the young man or the young lady in the center take hold of it. The prisoner walks about cautiously, seeking to strike upon the hands of one of the circle. Then the party in the center flees wildly from the ring and is pursued by the other, a ravished kiss being the result. This is generally accompanied by a profusion of shrieks upon the part of the pursued young lady. A game of the fashionable and graceful game of lawn tennis was in progress. Croquet claimed the attention of a group of blooming young ladies and bright youths. Four perspiring young men in their shirtsleeves were pitching quoits. Two youths were throwing a base ball from hand to hand. Crowds gathered around a booth where ice cream and lemonade were sold.

A FAMILY PARTY

were enjoying the contents of a bountiful hamper. A young lady clad in muslins was absorbed in a book, while she swung to and fro in a hammock. A great big man with a broad-brimmed hat was exerting himself to the stage of insolation with some little girls and a swing. Down leafy aisles young couples were wandering, and telling each other with the eyes and the pressure of hands the old story. Little children chased each other over the lawn. A little 2 years old, who had gone to sleep just where he fell when he tripped over a gnarled root, was watched by a big, nobleheaded Newfoundland dog. It seemed like a dream. Everything was active, yet as silent as the spirit land. The young lady who fled from the Copenhagen ring ran as nimbly, was pursued as swiftly was kissed as tenderly and came back as confused and blushing as ever girl did who took care not to run too fast. The boys pitching quoits were as active and earnest in the sport and as much inclined to quibble about the exact distance of the rival weights from the peg as ever were boys. The man who swung the little girls was just as warm and as contented looking, and the little ones as delighted, as ever was a big, good-natured uncle, while among the children of his sisters. The young couple came back from the walk, he failing to conceal his pride and she her delight under the gauze mask of nonchalance on his part and demureness on hers. The toss of the head of one fair maider who led one side in the game of croquet, as unmistakably betokened her triumph as did that of the victorious team in the game of lawn tennis, as they proudly marched to the refreshment booth. The grief of the little girl whose gay, red balloon had been wrecked against the thorn of a rose bush was poignant, if expression goes for anything, as she toddled away to her mother to receive sympathy. The young lady reading in the hammock beckoned a companion to come to her. A passage in the book was pointed out. The other read it carefully and then her face broke into a merry smile.

THE LITTLE CHILD

woke up and affectionately clasped her shaggy friend about the neck, and they went over the grass together the big dog good naturedly submitting to have an ear almost pulled out by the roots by the strong mischievous baby fingers. The silence was oppressive, action and expression was everywhere shown, but there was no sound. The child did not cry over its balloon, the young lady did not giggle when kissed; the victor in the quoit match, while he swaggered did not "blow," the croquet champion made no sarcastic allusion to her success for the benefit of her discomfited rival; the lover did not whisper. It was left to a towering policeman with leggings and spurs to awake the reporter from the seeming dream by coming suddenly from behind and remarking in the deepest of base voices, well calculated to send a shiver down the spine of the small boy caught bathing in a suburban pond, "This a strange sight, isn't it." A sudden laugh in the midst of a prayer could not have been more startling. The policeman continued, "There will be noise enough in a few moments, for the old man has gone to open the bowling alleys." True enough, for a few minutes later, a merry, smiling, gamboling, yet silent group of youngsters went trooping to the alleys, and the rumble of the balls and the skelter of the pins were heard. The reporter still strolled about the grounds. Seated on a rustic bench were a grave, dignified couple, well advanced in years. Their tender manner to each other showed them to be man and wife. They conversed slowly and gravely in the deft sign language which is the means of communication of these afflicted people.

"This is a pathetic, yet romantic case, two hearts that beat as one, two unfortunates willing to share each others burden," mused the reporter, when the old gentleman said directly to the reporter: "This picnic is quite a pleasant affair."

"Yes; but I thought you were deaf and dumb," said the reporter, aghast.

"No, thank God, I am spared the affliction. My poor wife lost her voice and hearing on a sick bed when we were married but a year. So I sent her away to learn the sign language and then she taught me. We have three children, who, thank heaven, are sound in speech and hearing."

FOUR YOUNG PEOPLE

were seated on a carriage robe. They were two pairs of lovers. It needed not to understand the meaning of the signals given by the nimble fingers. Their faces showed what they were engaged in. They were talking like other young people do. One of the young men with a mischievous smile signed something. His young lady looked saucy, and replied; he looked earnest; she defiant; he resolute; she aggrieved; he penitent; she stern; he pathetic; she mollified; he hopeful; she gracious. He then turned some neat compliment. She became rosy. He was once more in Paradise.

A mother with brows knit in anger, chided with nimble fingers a child who had hunted up the dirtiest spot in the park, to see evidently how unsightly a white embroidered frock could be made. The mother of the little one said to the reporter as he passed: "She thinks I am giving her a terrible scolding."

"Was the little one born mute?"

"No, scarlet fever when she was 2 years old, poor little thing," and the mother gathered the bright girl to her breast and kissed away the gathering tears.

A lady of middle age sat by the side of her son, a noble-looking youth of 20. He could not hear, but she talked to him slowly, pronouncing each word distinctly and with careful attention to the motion of her lips. By looking at her mouth he could understand every word that she said. He replied not in the sign language, but in a slow monotonous voice, the effect of which upon the ear was very painful to a stranger. The mother explained that he had lost his hearing during a fever when 14 years old. His voice, of course, followed. She had sent him to the Illinois State Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Jacksonville, where he had been scientifically taught to articulate, and to understand by the movements of another's mouth and tongue what was being said. This is a work of great labor and patience. A system of charts showing the vocal organs and the tongue upon a large scale is used.

THE STUDENT

is shown that a given use of certain muscles will produce a certain sound, and thus by constant practice and diligent devotion to the study the afflicted one is taught to talk. This system of acquired articulation is as yet in its infancy. The best specimens of its exercise are those who have been stricken with muteness late in early life. There are probably no cases on record of articulation being acquired by born mutes. This lady, who is well to do, and who to secure relief for her son visited various State institutions, says that Missouri's asylum at Fulton is far behind all others in the West, notwithstanding the most liberal appropriations are made for its maintenance. The son of this lady is now engaged in mastering the mysteries of chemistry. This fact suggests an interview held on paper with Mr. Charles E. Bohn, a pleasant appearing young man of 26 or thereabouts. He had come from St. Charles to attend the picnic. He is there engaged as foreman in the car works, and accounted a mechanic of more than ordinary skill. He was afflicted when quite young. After leaving a school in New York City he learned the trade of type-setting, and coming West worked on the Louisville *Courier-Journal* for two years. The occupation was too confining for him, and he then entered a machine shop and served a full apprenticeship. He showed the reporter a letter from the Missouri Car Works of this city offering $75 per month. Touching upon the question of employment of mutes he wrote: "There are many lines of employment open to them. They make good printers—newspaper and job—also book binders. The State printing of Ohio is done by the inmates of the State Institution for Deaf-Mutes. Several eminent artists have been afflicted. All trades are open to them. I know of several expert engineers. Some have adopted chemistry. There are many farmers, cigar-makers, store-keepers, painters, tailors, copyists, tobacco-rollers and

A NEW YORK BOY

became a high salaried jig dancer. There is no excuse for a deaf-mute to be idle. He is not like a blind man or a cripple. During this afternoon I have employed two men to go to St. Charles and work for me."

Mr. George Dougherty, a gentleman who will go to school at Jacksonville [Mr. Dougherty is a Senior at the National Deaf-Mute College in Washington—ED.] for another year before deciding upon an employment for life, was the object of a most interesting interview, the reporter writing the questions and he answering them in the same manner. In reply to an opening interrogatory he wrote:

"The deaf-mutes have no regular organization in St. Louis. This is the fourth picnic given in this city of this nature. During the summer such gatherings have been held in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Detroit. I believe they had picnics in all those cities last week."

A number of deaf-mutes of St. Louis assembled last May and made arrangements for this picnic, the intention being to invite graduates of all deaf-mute institutions in this vicinity. The details were entrusted to a committee composed as follows. Chairman, Mr. Kohlmetz and J. H. Wolff, M. J. Smith, J. C. McQuoin and W. T. Campbell. The committee has done its work well. More than half of the people on the ground are graduates of the Fulton Institute.

AMONG THOSE PRESENT

from outside of St. Louis are: Prof. Wait, of the Illinois State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Jacksonville; Mr. Barr, Supervisor at the same institute; Mr. and Miss Berry, of Brighton, Ill.; Mr. Hussey, of Litchfield; Jacoby, of Alton; Cloud, of Collinsville, Ill., a student at the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Divine, foreman of shoe shop at Jacksonville; Mr. Lee, or New Florence, Mo.; Miss Davidson, of South Point, Missouri; Mr. Kyle, of Franklin. There are representatives of the Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois and Missouri State institutions on the ground and two students of the National College at Washington, where mutes may obtain the highest possible education."

"Would it not be well to give the names of such ladies and gentlemen who have to-day contributed to the success of this gathering?"

"Certainly, I would call your attention to Mrs. Ann Bailey, who is often called the mother of deaf-mutes, on account of her long and continued interest in the welfare of the class, and who has, in a great measure, contributed to the establishment of the day school for mutes in this city. Among other St. Louis ladies and gentlemen present are Miss Jennie Patten, the nurses Mary and Annie Macauley, Miss Martha Bailey, Miss Delia Whitehall, Miss Maggie Dougherty, Miss Mary McCardall, Miss Delia Pearce, Mrs. Hardin, J. F. Bowe, George T. Dougherty, Edward Campbell, Chas. Wolff, Will Stafford, Ashabell Merrell, Bolin of St. Charles, Wm. Stocksick, and many others.

Upholding his Alma Mater.

Mr. George T. Dougherty takes exception to the remark in the foregoing article that the Missouri Institution is far behind other Western Institutions of the character, in the following letter which we clip from the *Globe Democrat*:—

To the Editor of the Globe-Democrat.

ST. LOUIS, AUGUST 2.—Quite many of the graduates and pupils of the Missouri Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, located at Fulton, and also many good people of Missouri who have the natural instinct of State pride, have been greatly pained to read in your to-day's article touching the fourth annual picnic of deaf-mutes of St. Louis and Southern Illinois, an assertion to the effect that the Missouri Institute was "far behind all the others in the West, notwithstanding the most liberal appropriations were made for it." Happily, it is not correct. I have completed my eight years' course at the Fulton School, and now the whole collegiate course as far as the end of the third of junior year at the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C. For one, I myself will aver that but for the ability and efficiency of my former teachers at Fulton I would not, and could not, have accomplished so much at College in Washington; and I well remember how one of the then tutors, recently promoted to the dignity of assistant professorship, expressed surprise at such a good show in several Missouri students of preparation made for the National College by their primary *Alma Mater*. Dr. Kerr, the Superintendent of the Fulton Institute, is a veteran in the profession of deaf-mute education, having lately completed his fiftieth year's connection with that noble course. He has a fine corps of assistant teachers, who can show up in professional lore and consciousness of duty as favorably as that of any other similar institution. Eastern or Western. I speak all this from knowledge and observation, having had abundance of association with representatives from nearly all the States at the Washington College, which is national in representation as well as in name.

What the Fulton School is in need of is not abler teachers, for they can not be found elsewhere, but plenty of cash for its support; the blame for which deficiency is to be put chiefly on the granger element in the State Legislature, which, not being familiar with the sound of thousands or tens of thousands of dollars, generally votes solidly against large appropriations for educational or scientific purposes. Annually scores of applications for accommodation have been made to the Superintendent, but they have to be refused on account of lack of room or money to enlarge the buildings. Three of our best teachers have lately been tempted away by higher salaries to assume similar positions in Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas. If the Legislature is keeping up that narrow-minded and unpatriotic spirit of enconomizing or trimming appropriations for the public and beneficent institutions, our State institute will necessarily go down, for how can it go on and flourish without liberal pecuniary support?

GEO. T. DOUGHERTY.

HEIRSHIP.

AN IMPORTANT DECREE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

[*From the New Orleans Picayune.*]

The Supreme Court, during its session lately in Opelousas, decided a novel and at the same time an interesting and vexed question. It concerns as much ministers of the gospel as it does the members of the bar, and even to a certain extent the community.

A woman of white descent had died leaving immovable property, legitimate collaterals capable of inheriting from her, and a natural daughter of color. The child's mother had been deaf and dumb from birth and wholly illiterate. The legitimate relatives of the woman contended that they were entitled to the inheritance, the child never having been recognized in writing by her mother; that even then her mother had not been sane in mind and had been deprived of the use of her civil rights by virtue of a judgment of interdiction; that besides, the recognition of a child born of persons incapable of contracting marriage could receive no legal sanction. The child was born before the war between the States, and was baptized, the baptismal act stating her to be a natural child of a mother known to the clergyman but of a father unknown to the world; the mother of the child was not present where the baptism occurred but had remained in an adjoining room during the ceremony, and had not signed the act. A certified copy of the act was offered in evidence, but its admission was objected to on the ground that the signatures of the parties to it could not be proved, they being either dead or in unknown places of abode.

It was held by the Court that the document was an authentic one, and that, as a rule, all copies made by a custodian, are authentic documents. It was further decreed that the acknowledgement of a mother, as in the present instance, need not be in writing; that it sufficed, if by her own acts, repeatedly and in public, as well as privately, she treated the child as her own and that accordingly the child was entitled to her estate in the absence of any positive inhibition on the part of the mother. The identity, in the case at bar, had been, consequently, sufficiently established.

The question was agitated, but not determined, whether the law, even if such an acknowledgment had to be written, would strike with nullity the public acts referred to where a person born deaf and dumb, knew neither how to read nor write, and was therefore totally unfamiliar with the intent and meaning of written or printed language.

The woman whose succession in the present case was an object of litigation, had been declared insane by a court of competent jurisdiction, but only long after the birth of her child, which in any event could not be productive of any legal result.

Her child was consequently recognized as her only legal heir.

The matter was decided by the Chief Justice, who, in a learned and much admired opinion, was on the occasion the organ of the court. It is certainly in accord with the rules of equity and supported by a common sense of justice which does honor to its author. It is the first case of the kind in the reports, and will, beyond a doubt, serve as a just and immovable precedent in the jurisprudence of the State, to be followed by the successors in office of the present court with approbation and commendation at their times, under similar circumstances.

Canada Items.

On the 3d July William M. Johnson, of Napanee died very suddenly. He had complained of pains in the head a few days previously, but retired in the night of the 2d, ie apparently good health. The next morning, his sister on going to his room in answer to his call, she found him very ill. The doctor was at once summoned, but could do nothing to prolong his life, and the poor boy died in about fifteen minutes. He was seventeen years of age, and graduated at the Belleville Institute in 1880, when he passed one of the most brilliant examinations on record at that school. His death resulted from the rupture of a blood vessel on the brain caused by too close attention to his work. He was a compositor on the staff of the Napanee *Standard*, and was a general favorite with all who knew him, both mutes and hearing persons.

On the 22d of July, a serious accident occurred to the eldest son of Mr. Brigden, a deaf-mute gentleman of Toronto. The little fellow (who is about ten or eleven years of age) was climbing a tree, when the branch on which he was resting broke off, and he was precipitated to the ground, a distance of about twelve or fifteen feet. In the fall his neck struck with great force on the top of a broad fence. On being picked up it was at first thoght he was dead. For the greater part of twenty-four hours he remained in an unconscious state; but we are glad to say that he is now much better, and with proper care and quiet it is hoped he will ultimately recover.

August 1st, was Toronto's civic holiday, and many of the mutes of the city went on picnics, excursions, etc.

The Toronto *Silent World* will shortly publish a portrait of President Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-Mute College. President Gallaudet is held in the highest esteem by the mutes of Canada, many of whom saw and spoke to him at the Convention held at Belleville about eight years ago. We hope the portrait will be a good likeness.

Angus A. McIntosh is a compositor on the staff of the Chatham *Planet*, and gets good wages.

Rumor hath it that a certain deaf-mute lady and gentleman residing not a hundred miles from Toronto will shortly approach the nuptial altar. For the present we refrain from mentioning names, having sworn to secrecy in that part of business.

There are about thirty deaf-mutes in Toronto, and they are all working at different trades, such as shoemaking, bookbinding, printing, engraving, etc., etc. Hamilton has about twelve or fifteen mutes engaged in the Wanzer sewing machine shops and at shoemaking, there is also one sailmaker.

NATIONAL POLICY.

The Why of it.

In Mr Thomas Breen's article published in the JOURNAL of the 28th ult., which I got and read to-day, I notice that "at the general meeting of the graduates last December, 1880, Mr. R. M. Ziegler refused to give us the report of the State Committee when requested." I will reply as far as I know. At that meeting, the Chairman (Mr. J. D. Ziegler) stated that before the object of the meeting was accomplished, he wished the Chairman of the *State Committee* (myself) to state the object of the Convention and also his views relative to the same, as some of those present might not have read about the subject in the JOURNAL, and, therefore, requested him to do so. When I was about to rise from my seat to respond to this request, it was moved by a prominent mute that I should give them "the report of the State Committee," and then the mover said I should make a report of what the Committee had done since it began to perform its duties. I asked the Chairman who appointed the State Committee, and if it was those present that appointed said Committee. Then, I stated that the State Committee was appointed by the Pennsylvania students at the National Deaf-Mute College, and they had a right to require said Committee to make a report, whenever they wanted it to do so, but as those present did not appoint said Committee, I thought that they had no right to require said Committee to do as they pleased, and therefore, felt that I was not bound to make a report of what the Committee had done since its constitution. But the Chairman replied that I might state the object of the convention, and also my views relative to the same, as he requested me to do. Accordingly I did as requested by the Chairman. Had the mover requested me to give them the report of the State Committee in a polite way, I believe that I would have been willing to do so as requested. I was never asked even by those present why I "refused" to give them the report of the Committee until I was in Philadelphia last June. They should have asked me at that meeting, and, consequently, they would never have thought that the State Committee "tried to assume a dictatorial attitude over the mutes of Philadelphia, and they even tried to force the mutes of Philadelphia to comply with the former's wishes" as they think.

Let me express my thanks for Mr. Breen's wishes for the success of the Convention.

R. M. ZIEGLER.

CARLISLE, PA., August 1, 1881.

The following was written, by a New York editor, in the album of a lady who has the good fortune to have for a husband one of the most learned literary gentlemen in the country:

In calm and trustful confidence the missionary sat,
While the energetic sexton was a-passing round the hat;
The services were over, and now had come the pause
To give an opportunity to help along the cause.
But vainly went the sexton teetering up and down the aisle,
In all that congregation no one recognized the tile.
O'er the parson's face there flitted a disappointed look,
As from the solemn sexton his empty hat he took,
Then smiling on the audience, he returned it to the rack,
With the words, "I'm very thankful to have got my beaver back."

* * * * * * *

I'm satisfied that when this book comes back into your hands,
With this very feebie answer to your moderate demands,
You ll compare me to the missionary's crowd that didn't pay,
And perhaps discuss the matter with your husband, Colonel K.
No doubt you'll say as o'er this page you cast an anxious look,
"Well, at least he has done better than return an empty book;"
Then I think I hear the Colonel this doggerel rehearse,
And say, "like Silas Wegg, my dear, he's '*done a little worse.*'"

Harrisburg Convention.

Every deaf person must regret any obstacles which should ever interrupt the progress of the interests of *his own* "silent world." Also, if it is in his power, he should neglect no one effort to avert every opposition offered; for is regret enough for pushing off a stone which may sometimes stand in the way of advance?

Mrs H. P. Arms, Jr., in his letter for the JOURNAL of the 21st, nobly complains of the hostile feeling which many deaf-mute people in and near Philadelphia entertain toward the appointment of Harrisburg, instead of Philadelphia for the meeting of their coming convention. This is, no doubt, very natural. They know they are the most numerous deaf people which live together in any equal part of their State, and, therefore, can hardly help feeling strange at the appointment of so distant a place as Harrisburg. But Mr. Zeigler, Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, who, though he may have made a mistake in appointment certainly has in his heart a noble love for deaf-mutes to make him regret the mistake, has affirmed that the error cannot be corrected. "What has been done cannot be undone." Therefore, those displeased with the matter can hardly be wise to be burned with *useless grief* any longer. They would better take pains to know that the wrong step cannot now be helped, as Mr. Zeigler has affirmed. Let them know the strict truth that "human nature is not infallible." And then, if they think of themselves as part of humanity, they can not but fear that they do sometimes err as Mr. Zeigler has erred. Then they may possibly look upon him as one who does not err too much, though more, as they may persistently think, than themselves. Thus having obtained an idea of some similar fallibility which truly exists in both themselves and Mr. Zeigler, they can hardly fail to put in mind "forgetfulness of past difference," as Mr. Arms excellently suggests as a remedy for their dissatisfaction. This remedy must be availed of to the fullest extent, for in this case more people would go to the convention than otherwise. And, in consequence, there would be more intelligent persons, who, by exercise of more liberal minds, would do much more good for the deaf-mutes of Pennsylvania, and, nay, of the world of which the writer is a part. Let them imagine to themselves, as they should, that they can do good for a vast world by sending as many deaf people to the convention as they can if freed from their dissatisfaction. Let them bear in mind that in doing good for a wide world, they can not but win a wide world's respect! But how can they expect so much respect if they still continue to be dissatisfied with the place of the convention, from which case the consequence would be that there would be less people at the convention to do less good? The writer believes that your readers will join heartily in his sincere hope that they will not be so disposed. Oh, let them in join the great pleasure of of thanking them for sending to the convention as many deaf people as they, while feeling pleased with the locality of Harrisburg, would send.

Perhaps their disposition has already undergone a better change, for the writer heard only a few days ago what Mr. Arms said of their feeling two weeks ago. If so, of course the writer can not but be glad, feeling interested in their welfare.

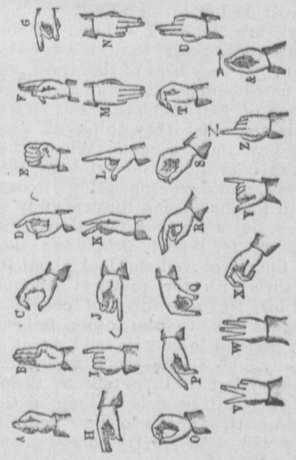
ARAB.

JULY 30, 1881.

Snake Stories.

A farmer in Devonshire once told me that he caught a viper; partially disabling it by a blow from a stout stick, and with the assistance of his men bound it, still living, in the fork of a tree. (He was a kind-hearted and fairly intelligent man, who would not have tolerated any illtreatment of a horse or dog—far less have been guilty of such a thing himself—but he saw no cruelty in thus punishing the poor reptile.) There they left it, striking with its fangs on all sides in its rage and agony. When they returned next day the viper had escaped, but the limb of the tree was dry and dead as though blasted with lightning! I was young and hopeful at the time I heard this tale, and unwise enough to do all in my power to dissuade the narrator from the belief he held, or, at any rate, to try and convince him that he wrongly connected cause and effect in the case; but, as he said, he "see'd it himself," and he went down to the grave in that faith. That he honestly believed it there could be no doubt, for he had not enough poetry in him to invent such a romance. It reminds one of Yankee who told how he had killed a snake with a hoe, the handle of which the "varmint" turned and bit several times before receiving its coup de grace. "You mayn't believe it, Squire," said he: "but, jest as trew as you stand theer, in less than three minutes that hoe handle was swelled up as big as my leg!" Have you ever heard of the hoop snake? They abound, according to several accounts I have been favored with, in India and Australia, and derive their names from the peculiarity of their mode of progression; taking their tails in their mouths they bowl along like a hoop! Fact, so an old Indian officer informed me, who had often seen the native soldiers chasing them with short bamboo sticks (he was fearfully circumstantial) around the compounds or along the roads. What an acquisition a couple of these would be to our Zoological Gardens, in an inclosure of their own, with a Scpoy or two to run round after them with bamboos at stated hours! The following nice little anecdote was gleaned from an English colonial newspaper, where it was published as an actual occurrence in the immediate neighborhood during the week, with much local and collateral detail. A boa-constrictor woke up hungry from a three months' nap and caught a rabbit, which he bolted whole in the usual way. This did not satisfy the cravings of his capacious stomach, so he went afield in search of further victuals, and presently came to a fence, which he essayed to get through. But the lump caused by the defunct though undigested bunny stopped him, when his head and a few feet only of his body had passed between the rails; and, lying in this attitude, he caught and swallowed another rabbit which had incautiously ventured within his narrowed sphere of action. Now, what was the state of affairs? He could neither go ahead nor astern through the fence, being jammed by his fore and aft inside passengers, and in this embarrassing position he was slain with ease.—*The London Field.*

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